

# COUNTRY LIFE

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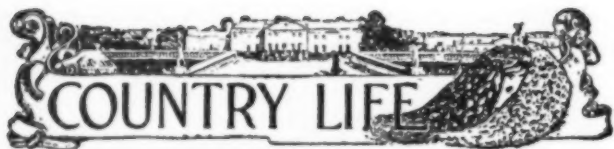
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PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

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COMFORT WITH  
COMELINESS.

COUNTRY LIFE" as a journal devoted to the interests covered by its title, interests shared by men and women differing widely in opinion, has kept aloof from partisan politics; but there comes a time in the strife at which certain conclusions are arrived at by moderate men of all parties, when there is important work to be done by those who have no political or other axe to grind. Such a moment has actually arrived in the history of the rural housing problem. No controversialist of note on either side now disputes the urgent need of more cottages for the labouring poor, and it is no longer necessary to argue the question. The dispute is not now

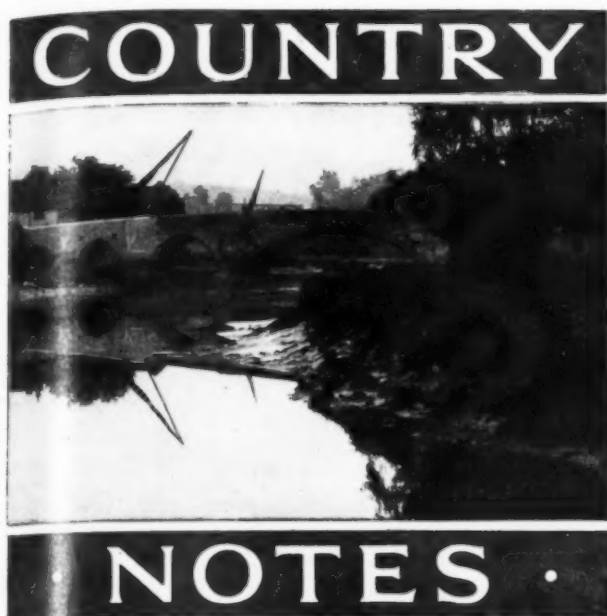
as to the need of cottages, but as to the means of supplying them. It may be confidently assumed, therefore, that whichever of the political parties gets the first chance will bring forward a comprehensive Housing Bill. A common estimate is that at least a hundred thousand new cottages will have to be erected immediately. Our concern at present is not with the agency by which this is to be accomplished or the political principles to be applied, but with the quality and character of the buildings. Happily, stonework can be neither Whig or Tory after it is once brought into existence. But no one can be blind to the danger that rural England may in the fervour of the moment, become suddenly spotted over with ugly and inconvenient cottages formed on the Irish model. For those whitewashed, standardised cottages that spot the landscape in the West of Ireland, though admittedly a great advance on the hovels they have replaced, are not exactly things of beauty or even very useful dwellings such as a more enlightened generation of Irishmen is likely to approve. One has but to look round to see that the danger is a very real one. We all know what the ideal of comfort and beauty is in an English village. If the requirements of Queen Elizabeth's Act cannot be carried out, and each new cottage fitted out with its complement of three acres of ground, it should at least nestle in its own garden. The long row or terrace, looking like an escaped bit of East London, should not be allowed in the country. But at this very moment, in the midst of cheap land, cottages are being huddled together in this way. In other cases, such as that of the collegiate property illustrated last week, the old is replaced by the most atrocious type of the new. Yet taste in architecture has grown and developed enormously during the last decade, and were such houses to be put up on an extensive scale in the haste and fury of reform, those responsible for it would be execrated by their immediate successors. Now is the time to consider what can be done in the way of prevention. After the horse is stolen it will be too late to shut the stable door. Those of our readers who believe as we do, that comfort and beauty can be allied with economy, ought to bestir themselves at once.

The cottages built under any scheme must be set up either by a central authority, local authority, or private owner. In the latter case persuasion is the only weapon that can be used. Some such body as the Rural Housing League might make it a part of the business to represent to those engaged the great advantages of having the work well done. Commercially and aesthetically alike this is the wiser plan. The cry of "more cottages" has been triumphant; let that of "better cottages" be added as a good cry, either for the body named or for a new one who could adopt the two words as a motto.

But if the Board of Agriculture, the Local Government Board, or the Local Authority be called upon to build them, there must be, at least to begin with, an official model or standardised cottage. We are well aware of the objections, but cannot stop to consider them just now. There is a great need to get the cottages built at once, and no time for anything else than the issue of an official model. But where is it to be found? Unfortunately, the Board of Agriculture, which under Mr. Runciman's energetic guidance has taken the matter up with zeal, published a set of drawings that, to put it mildly, were very unsatisfactory. Fortunately, however, there are many good types of cottage from which to make a choice. Many are illustrated in our book of Cottages, and it would be difficult to point to any more suitable than those of Mr. A. H. Clough. Mr. Clough, as a landowner, had to find a solution for himself, and he has contrived as no one else has to combine economy with stability and a good appearance. Illustrations are shown of a five-roomed cottage costing £175, a six-roomed cottage costing £200, and another six-roomed cottage costing £195. These are ideal little dwellings for the purpose; but if there must be very cheap cottages set up to replace the £50 ones for which a rent of only £4 a year is obtained, Mr. Clough reckons that, put up in blocks of four, useful four-roomed cottages can be built for £130 apiece. Here then is a possible solution. We do not set up Mr. Clough as the universal model. It would probably be best to map out the country according to its geological formation and have a model suitable to each district. Diligent search will reveal the fact that in most districts there is at least one person who is solving the difficulty. We are sure Mr. Runciman will need no urging on this course. He has in the past, at any rate, displayed the most praiseworthy desire to learn and advance.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.





THE celebration of a century of peace with America stands out as one of those great causes which can be served without generating friction or jealousy. An excellent scheme has been drawn up by the committee. We need not describe it in detail, however, because as long ago as December 23rd, 1911, there was a fairly exhaustive and illustrated article on the subject in our pages. The commemoration includes, in the first place, the erection of a suitable memorial in Westminster Abbey, the form of which has not yet been determined, although the Dean and Chapter have already granted the necessary permission. Secondly, Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral seat of the Washington family, is to be purchased and maintained as a place of meeting and pilgrimage for Americans in this country. In the third place, there is a scheme to found an Anglo-American Chair of History and the giving of annual prizes to children in elementary schools for knowledge of the history of England and America. Since the Treaty of Ghent was signed there have been many strenuous moments between the two countries; but never did they understand one another better than to-day, and never was the possibility of warfare between them more remote. These are excellent reasons for helping to subscribe the £60,000 needed for the memorial.

From the Norfolk County Council we have received an instructive report just issued by the Small Holdings and Allotments Committee. At Michaelmas of this year close on four hundred acres had been purchased, and the prices appear very reasonable on paper, although it would be necessary to see the land before passing a final opinion upon the point. They range from a little over £16 an acre to £30. It is proposed to put thirty-two tenants on three hundred and sixty-three acres (we omit fractions), making an average holding of less than twelve acres, which seems small enough. Of equal interest is the summary of the report made after visiting the holdings now in existence. A system of marking has been employed similar to that used on examination papers. The best is "highly satisfactory," and of 813 tenants 108 have achieved this distinction; but the largest classes are those given as "very satisfactory" and "satisfactory" (which may be translated as good and middling good); 262 and 296 are the respective figures. Of the others, 107 are "fairly satisfactory" (which means rather bad), 23 "not satisfactory," 16 "very unsatisfactory," and 1 "a complete failure." The Council may be congratulated on this result. At the outside, out of 813 tenants, only 40 seem to have turned out badly, that is, allowing the "fairly satisfactory" class to pass as good. It is a poor thing to prophesy failure, and we hope that a number of those who are in the middle classes will have climbed higher when the Committee make their next tour of inspection. It would have added to the value of the paper if in each case the rents charged by the Council and the total expenses incurred for each holding or group of holdings had been set down.

In our Correspondence pages this week a correspondent gives a transcript of certain prevailing conditions, under the title of "Cottages and Milk." He shows by his own experience that the two are interdependent. Farmers will not keep cows unless they have hands near by to milk and tend them. The

labourer who walks three or four miles to his work may be able to plough and sow and reap; but it would be madness to entrust him with the care of stock. Indeed, as milking must be done at a very early hour in the morning in order to catch the first train to town, the thing is a practical impossibility. But labourers cannot live on the farms, because there are not sufficient houses for them. Our correspondent might, perhaps, have added that it is not easy to get them to undertake milking even when their homes are close at hand, because this is one of those occupations which interfere sadly with the liberty of those who pursue it. Cows have to be milked regularly at least twice a day, and Sunday is no exception to the rule. However, where the farmers happen to have cottages on their holdings, they seem to be able to get over the difficulty, and therefore the provision of more houses situated not in the villages, but on the land, is an urgent necessity.

The heavy rains of the past few days will enable ploughing to be commenced over most of the country, as the rains of last week were local, and it was only within the storm area that the land was soft enough to work. A dry autumn such as we have experienced this year favours the steam cultivator, as the comparative hardness of the ground is rather an advantage than otherwise, and the instrument breaks up the ploughpan and loosens the subsoil without bringing it to the surface or burying the valuable top soil. So great are its advantages that many people who farm heavy lands use the steam plant every year as a matter of routine, and not only in seasons, such as the present, when it is the only really efficient method of cultivation available. But, unfortunately, the larger the scale on which a man farms, the greater his advantage in the employment of modern scientific methods of cultivation. The large farmer, even if he does not own his own steam tackle, is in a position to give a large contract, and so can obtain a plant at exactly the right time; while the small holder's contract would be too insignificant to be worth taking up. But it is the old story: Agriculture is a great business, and success depends upon organisation, management and the thorough training of those who direct; while for party purposes it is treated as a play-thing, or as a salvation for wasters by subsidisation.

#### EBB TIDE.

Along the foot of the cliffs and round the caves—  
Within whose gloomy depths the west wind moans—  
The seaweed that swung and swayed with the lifting swell  
Lies limp among the green and slippery stones.  
The rock pools gleam in the light of the setting sun  
That shines thro' a rift in the cloudy purple sky,  
And a wheeling flock of dunlin's wings flash gold  
As out across the shimmering sea they fly.  
Ringed plover scurry along the glistening stretch  
Of sand, where stranded shells and starfish lie,  
The gulls call as they splash and float in the shallows,  
And across the bay the scented sea-winds sigh.

VERA NICOLSON.

There are few men so rich in friendship as Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and all who know him will hear with regret that he has been obliged to go under the surgeon's care. Sir Arbuthnot Lane performed the operation with his accustomed skill and success; but an operation is only an operation at the best, and although Mr. Hutchinson has come out of it very well so far, and there is good reason to hope for his recovery, it would be idle to pretend that his condition leaves no cause for anxiety. But, indeed, anxiety is unavoidable when it is a question of the recovery of one who may not unfairly be called the most popular sportsman of his day.

The outdoor gardens of a future generation will owe much of their charm and interest to the many new hardy trees and shrubs that have been introduced from Northern China during the last ten or fifteen years. Although a great many of these are not likely to be of more than botanical interest, a fair proportion will prove of considerable value to both the landscape gardener and the raiser of new hybrids. At the Royal Horticultural Society's meeting on Tuesday last the Hon. Vicary Gibbs exhibited a wonderful collection of these trees and shrubs, some six hundred distinct species and varieties forming a great bank that occupied the entire length of the great hall. One of the most interesting was a large-leaved willow (*Salix magnifica*), the foliage of which resembled in shape and size that of *Ficus elastica*. *Cotoneaster Dammeri*, with pendulous branches and scarlet berries, has already proved a gem for the rock garden, a position for which *Berberis Wilsonæ*, with orange berries, is also well adapted. *Paulownia tomentosa lanata*, with very large bold leaves, and *Populus lasiocarpa*, with erect

habit and noble foliage, were others among many that are likely to find a permanent home in our woodland and shrubberies.

There would seem to be some hope that London University is at last about to acquire a permanent habitation. The difficulties are many, for the Colleges comprising the University are scattered over the enormous area of the metropolis, and therefore sites which favour one existing institution are inconvenient for the others. But to the unbiassed observer University College seems to take the lead among the Colleges, and either the Bedford site or the Foundling Hospital site would be convenient for this College, and not unreasonably distant from King's, while both sites are easily accessible from four great railway termini—St. Pancras, Euston, King's Cross and Waterloo—and the distance from Liverpool Street and Paddington is less than that of the Imperial Institute, which is by no means conveniently placed for the majority of students. Further, both sites are near the British Museum, a great advantage to a large class of students and post-graduate workers. The Foundling Hospital site has much to recommend it, but a large gift of money is available if the Bedford estate is chosen. The problem, therefore, has narrowed down to the choice between two alternatives, for the site on the south of the river has nothing to commend it, and the question of ways and means. It is certainly high time that the present unworkable conditions should be brought to an end, and some plan adopted which will give us a great University in the place of scattered colleges and chaos.

On Monday evening two hundred and fifty new evening institutions established by the London County Council were officially opened, and at four-fifths of them a speaker of more or less eminence gave an inaugural address. The topics ranged far and wide. A distinguished editor discoursed on the use of words, and a learned professor on the origin of the alphabet. Sir E. H. Shackleton described the human aspects of Arctic exploration. The American Ambassador contrasted the conditions prevailing in New York with those in London. But the significance of the event lay not so much in the addresses given by distinguished men as in the fact that the London County Council, which is the Educational Authority, has made a new and, as we think, a sound departure in the establishment of these vocational institutions. They have made night-schools serious and valuable. According to the arrangements no tired teachers will be called upon to fritter away their time, but each of them will be engaged either to give his whole energies to the night school or half to the night school and half to the day school. Employers should supplement that arrangement by seeing that those lads who are working hard at night are not exhausted during the day.

We are seriously alarmed by the latest doings of Pegoud, the French airman who has leaped into fame at a bound. Such men as he can ill be spared, and yet success may lead him to attempt some rash feat that may cause the world to mourn his loss. The other day it was reported that he was dead, and very shortly afterwards he got into serious danger. The occasion was his ascent on a two-seated monoplane with a weight of 160lb. of ballast, supposed to represent a passenger. After attaining a height of a thousand yards he plunged down with great rapidity, and not till the ground was almost touched did the machine turn over on itself. In replying to questioners after the experiment was over, Pegoud said there was something wrong, although he did not know exactly what it was. When he pulled the lever to bring the machine over it did not obey him. After much pulling he did manage to get it over, but he went on to say: "Then something inexplicable happened: I felt my wings shiver and vibrate in a terrifying way." We hope M. Pegoud will learn to place its right value upon his life and be content to make progress with his art warily and cautiously. A mistake of this kind occurring again might bring his career to a dismal conclusion.

Charing Cross Hospital has made a move in the right direction by opening three wards for paying patients. Five wards have been closed for the last six years owing to lack of funds. Under the new arrangement patients will be admitted at the very moderate fee of two guineas a week. This ought to extend the usefulness of the hospital very much. Owing to the perhaps necessarily high charges of specialists and nursing homes, a great number of middle-class patients have been driven to take refuge in the hospital. They are people who have not a great deal of money to spend, and still do not belong to the class for whom free hospitals were originally built. Many of them will be only too glad to pay the small fee that is charged, and the opening of these wards will in no way interfere with the practice of physicians and surgeons or the patronage of

nursing homes, since the patients who take advantage of them are those who in other circumstances would probably have received free treatment.

The shoemakers, whose exhibition has been held in the Agricultural Hall during the past week, have a very fine record for the last seven years. We all remember the time when their trade was supposed to be going to the dogs; in other language, it was assumed that the Americans, who sent us chilled beef and kept the hides at home, would be able to manufacture boots and shoes to supply the British Empire at a much cheaper rate than the home trade. But the disciples of St. Crispin showed themselves equal to the occasion. In 1898 the value of the boots they exported was a little less than a million and a-half. Last year it had risen to within a fraction of four millions. During the same period the importation increased only in a very small degree—from £570,000 to £837,000, in round figures. Or if we express it in dozens of pairs of boots, from 182,000 in 1898 to 232,000 in 1912. This is an achievement well worth recording, as the leather trade in this country has to work against enormous difficulties which do not exist in those parts of the world which are our most serious rivals. Perhaps the most curious feature of this trade lies in its development in France—a country long noted for the elegance and comfort of its footwear.

We may expect soon to witness a pleasant theatrical experiment. Mr. Algernon Blackwood's book, "A Prisoner in Fairyland," has proved to be one of the most popular, as it certainly is one of the most attractive works that has come from his pen. For some time past, in collaboration with a well-known playwright, he has been preparing it for the stage, and a correspondent describes the result as "an enchanting little fairy play." It is not a dramatisation of the book, but the characters of the book are in it. They are shown "wumbled" and, at the end, "unwumbled." This will constitute a new and original departure; one, too, which the public will probably cordially welcome. The taste for mystical romance, suffused with the colour and atmosphere of the open country, has grown enormously of recent years, and the play ought to bring out a side of life to which in the past insufficient attention has been paid.

#### FRAU HEINE.

Motionless through the ages  
They stand, the stars above,  
And look on one another,  
Deep in the pain of love.

Rich is the lovely language  
They speak with, each to each,  
Though never a one of the pedants  
Can understand their speech.

I only, I have learnt it  
Where all remembrance lies,  
And no other books I needed  
Than my beloved's eyes.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

It is always gratifying to us to learn that the various architects' competitions which we have held continue to produce effects of a direct and useful nature. Several of our readers have written from time to time to say that they have taken to building, and have chosen an architect from among the competitors. Not in every case has their choice fallen upon the winners; but a free and independent judgment has been exercised in regard to the various designs which we published. This is as it ought to be. No one's judgment is infallible, and the assessors in our architects' competitions are the last men to claim any such attribute. If called upon, they could give good reasons for their judgment; but, at the same time, it is easy to recognise that fine features would appeal more to one mind than to another, and if an independent builder is very much pleased with a pronounced characteristic of a design, he is less likely to give weight to its weaknesses. The assessor is in a different position. He must give marks for good points, and deduct for bad ones. However, that is not really the point we wish to make. It is that the publication of these very different designs has a very educative effect upon the public mind. Most men, when they come to build a house, have had no previous experience to go upon. They have probably been engaged in some art or profession that monopolised their energy and intelligence. They may have exquisite taste, but necessarily they are ignorant of the best means of expressing it in stone and mortar. To them the publication of a beautiful design must be invaluable.



## AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF COGNE

**T**OURISTS in general know little of the considerable stretch of country that extends northwards from Turin to the southern slopes of Mont Blanc. Apart from its interest to mountaineers in containing the two highest peaks in Italy, there are few of its hundreds of valleys that do not possess relics in the shape of giant aqueducts and arches half sunken amid the vegetation of centuries, which testify to their importance in Roman times. The district around Cogne, the centre of the mountainous region, is strictly preserved as a hunting ground for the King

of Italy. Numerous keepers traverse the mountains, and heavy penalties are enforced against any person disturbing the game. As a consequence, chamois have greatly multiplied, and it is now the only locality in the whole of the Alps where the noble bouquetin or ibex may be seen in its native wilds.

It was, however, mainly to photograph, if not to climb, the Grand Paradis and the Grivola that the writer and a friend made a recent visit to this country. We had journeyed in easy stages by way of Chamonix and the St. Bernard, occupying several days, although the district itself is within twenty-four

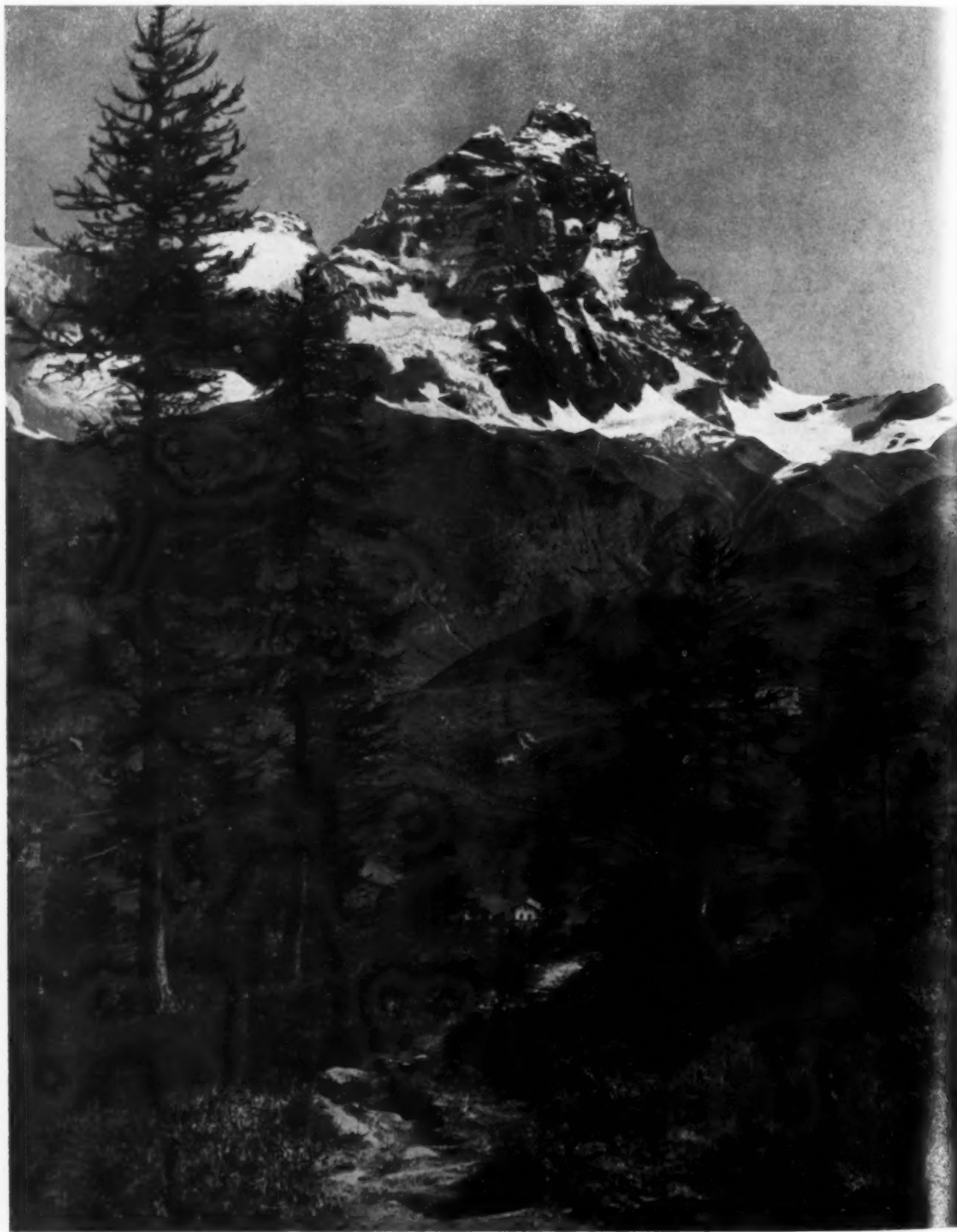


D. McLeish. THE GLORIOUS PINNACLE OF THE AIGUILLE DRU FROM THE MONTANVERT (12,320 FT.) Copyright.

hours of Charing Cross, and reached the village at dusk, when its inhabitants had already retired with their cocks and hens. While in Aosta we had heard much of the habits and manners of the natives of Cogne. The Aostans, who consider themselves to be in the front rank of European civilisation, were never tired of pouring ridicule on the doings of these simple villagers. "They had no use for beds, but slept in cupboards on shelves, one above the other. The women made up for a scarcity of linen by a superabundance of cloth, which they wound round their waists in many layers under their skirts, swelling themselves out to an unnatural size. They were childishly fond of wearing medals and beads, and wore aprons, which they carefully tied up on six days of the week, only letting them down on the seventh." By all accounts we were to see some of the stupidest people on the face of the earth.

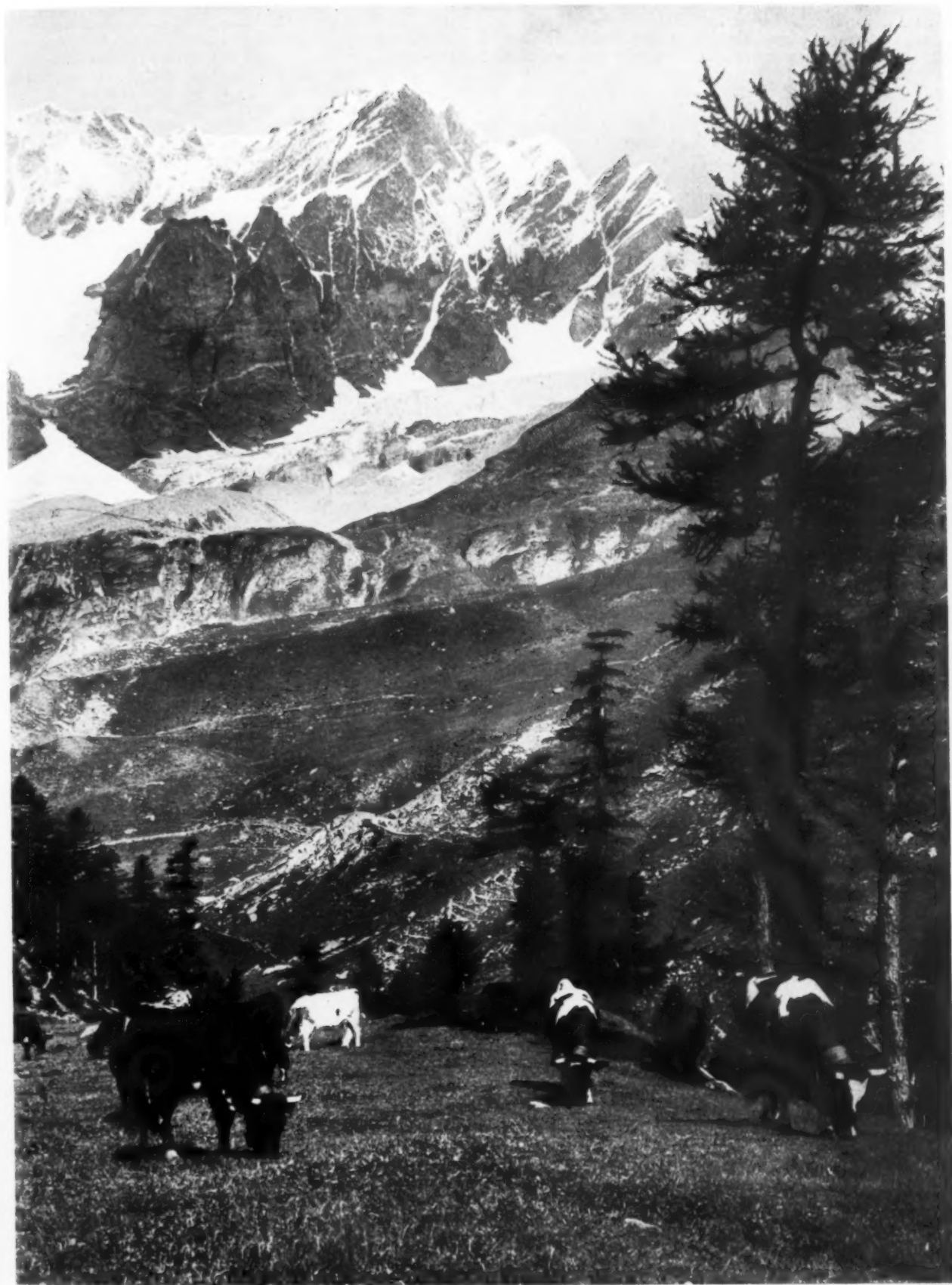
Our informers were not agreed as to the origin of these people, but one and all were certain that they were not Italians. The general view, which, by the way, is a frequent one in these cases, was that they must have descended from the Jews.

The day following our arrival was the occasion of a festival. The village church was the centre of the celebrations. At various times the villagers issued forth in procession, preceded by white-gowned bearers of banners and images, making the circuit of the adjacent cemetery and giving vent to a mournful dirge as they marched. It was difficult to approach the natives; a sight of the camera I carried sufficed to send them scurrying to an immense distance. A few half francs, however, judiciously distributed worked wonders; the news quickly circulated through the village, and I forthwith had no lack of models. Their attentions, indeed, became wearisome. We were



D. McLeish. THE ITALIAN SIDE OF THE MATTERHORN FROM THE EDGE OF THE FOREST AT BREUIL. Copyright.





D. McLeish. THE DENT D'HERENS FROM THE HIGH ITALIAN PASTURES NEAR BREUIL.

Copyright.

continually met by damsels arrayed in voluminous garments who appeared unexpectedly from corners or chased each other with conscious laughter and elephantine grace across our path. Two even waylaid us, stating that in consequence of waiting for an appointment (which, however, they had not kept) they had lost time. We compromised this matter, but began to think that the natives were less simple than had been described, and that the statement regarding their Jewish descent might not be wholly without truth.

A beautiful vista of snow peaks and glaciers at the head of the Val Nontey, facing Cogne, marks the commencement of

the great ridge that culminates in the Grand Paradis, the loftiest peak in Italy. We toiled up this valley the following morning, passing numerous wayside shrines, very gay within, with painted images of saints and Madonnas, but picturesque and dilapidated externally. A peasant in devotional attitude at one of them, with the mountains rising grandly above, completed a picture that was very unlike any met with on an English countryside. A three hours' tramp up steep paths took us to the chalets of Monei, which, owing to the lateness of the season, were untenanted by man or beast. They stood in full view of the great Tribulation glacier, assuredly well named, for its

many-mile expanse presents a continuous series of icefalls and huge seracs. The plight of a climber lost amid this desolation would be desperate indeed, and every gaping crevasse would remind him of a quicker route to the other world than that afforded by the slopes of the Grand Paradis rising above. The next few days were chiefly spent in abortive attempts to photograph the Grivola. Like the Weisshorn at Zermatt, it is a mountain that cannot be seen from the valley; one has to climb to a considerable height to judge its position, and owing to the badness of the local maps and the ignorance of the natives concerning their own mountains, we had to find the best view point by the process of climbing each of the neighbouring summits in turn. We quickly found that the Pointe de Pousset, which has been termed the Gornergrat of Cogne, was

took up statuesque positions to observe us, until they were again startled by our shouts, and vanished with a speed that made us envy them their mountaineering abilities.

At the pass we were saluted by an icy gale from the north, which increased in intensity as we scrambled up the shattered rocks that formed the last 800ft. of the ascent. The wind fairly whistled among the crags, and my friend Camosso filled the lucid intervals with his cries. He had often told me that no Italian could understand what it was that induced Englishmen to climb mountains, and he now repeated the statement with several variations. I suggested that the atmosphere of Aostan restaurants and glacé shops was hardly the right sort of preparation. The mention of these luxuries seemed to touch a responsive cord, for he replied, with emotion, "Ah, if I ever

get down I will never climb a mountain again. Oh, what a wind! Oh, Corpo di Bacio, what a wind!" As we rose the Grivola grew more majestic. The beautiful, curving snow ridge, which is the mountain's chief distinction, was seen throughout its length from the summit to the glacier, which latter, from its steep inclination, was broken throughout by numerous ice-falls and gaping crevasses. We were at a height of over ten thousand feet and less than four miles from the mountain, and could see in a moment that we occupied the finest possible point of view and the only near position from which its grand northern face could be seen. The view towards the north was indescribably imposing. The whole of the central Pennines from Mont Blanc to the Matterhorn were free from cloud. Seen from a southern view point there is never any doubt as to the absolute predominance of the Great White Mountain, and from here his height and bulk fairly dwarfed all others. Now, while scores of mountains separated by intervals of hundreds of miles were clear, the one for which the ascent was made was not. In Alpine photography this is almost invariably the case. Faint mists formed in the vicinity were driven against the summit and speedily developed to enormous dimensions; these disappeared and others took their place. Patience, however, was ultimately rewarded, and for a few minutes the welcome sun rays poured over the ridge, striking the tops of the seracs and filling the crevasses with a thousand shadows. The foreground had already been chosen, and the exposures were made just in time to



D. McLeish.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PEAK IN THE ITALIAN ALPS—THE GRIVOLA (13,022FT.).

certainly not the best position, and directed our efforts to a more northerly and loftier summit.

On the last occasion we started out at 4 a.m., for we had to descend several miles to the village of Epinal before starting on the real additional climb of 6,000ft. By nine o'clock we were clear of the forest region and entered a savage but sublime desolation. To the north the snow-flecked summits of the Mont Emelius and the Becca di Nona towered grandly into the cloudless sky, while the rocky ridges around mounted into towers and spires of infinite variety. Our movements disturbed a herd of chamois high above us, who, taking alarm, leaped from ledge to ledge across the all but perpendicular cliffs. We counted eight, and with the aid of our telescope could distinguish two animals which by the bold sweep of their magnificent horns we knew to be bouquetins. They

escape a mass of cloud that covered the summit for the rest of the day. All this consumed much time, and it was late afternoon before we left the summit. We were scrambling over these rocks in semi-darkness when the figure of a man suddenly materialised on a neighbouring ridge. He carried a gun slung bandoleer fashion across his back, and further astonished us by calling upon us to stop and demanding to know what we were about. Explanations that we climbed mountains for the pleasure derived from the exercise seemed only half satisfactory. But tourists never come here, you are too late, besides which you carry a gun." I held up my ice-axe. "Ah, ma foi, I took you for poachers, and thought you were after the chamois." He expressed himself as bitterly disappointed. He had seen us from a distant summit four hours before, and had been making great efforts to overtake us ever since. DONALD McLEISH.



# MOUSE-HUNTING IN THE HEBRIDES.

I will, no doubt, surprise many of your readers who are interested in our native fauna to learn that among the smaller mammals inhabiting our outlying islands, there are still new species to be discovered. Modern ornithology, with its more precise and accurate methods of studying our insular avifauna, has taught us that we have still much to learn about our native birds; and though some of the new names given in recent years to British representatives of well known

species have been bestowed without reason, there are, nevertheless, a good many forms found both in Great Britain and Ireland which are quite distinct from their Continental allies, and easily recognised. It is therefore not surprising that among the smaller mammals which have been isolated for unknown ages on the islands of our coasts we should meet not only with remarkable survivals of types which have long since become extinct in Great Britain and on the Continent, but also forms which have gradually become differentiated in greater or less degree from their allies on the mainland.



FIG. II.—Skull of Common Shrew (*Sorex araneus*), showing fifth unicuspid (a) present, frequently absent in *S. granti* from Islay.

Northern Coasts of Britain, such as Skomer Island off Pembroke, North Uist, St. Kilda and the Orkneys led me to infer that a systematic and careful investigation of the Hebrides, more particularly the Inner group, might yield further interesting novelties, and the results have surpassed all expectation. No fewer than six forms new to science, three of them very distinct species, have been discovered, viz., a shrew (*Sorex granti*), two bank-voles (*Eutamias alstoni* and *E. erica*) and three field-voles (*Microtus agrestis macgillivrayi*, *M. a. mial* and *M. a. luch*). ("Mial" in Gaelic means "beast"; "luch" means "mouse.") The exploration of the Inner Hebrides was commenced in the early part of 1912 and continued till the following June. During that period a young naturalist, Mr. R. W. Sheppard, visited in turn all the principal islands between Bute and Coll, obtaining series of skins of the various shrews, voles and mice to be found there. He had the good fortune to discover three of the new animals recorded in these notes. The most interesting island explored by him was, no doubt, Islay, where he met with the peculiar shrew which has been named *Sorex granti*. It is a rather larger animal than our common shrew, blackish above and silvery white beneath, the dusky upper side being in strong contrast with the light-coloured



A. Common Shrew (*Sorex araneus*).

FIG. I.

B. Islay Shrew (*Sorex granti*); peculiar to Islay.

flanks. (See Fig. 1.) In general outward appearance it resembles the water-shrew (*Neomys fodiens*), but the latter has a noticeable fringe of elongated hairs at the edges of the soles of the feet and toes, and a line of stiffened hairs extending along the under-surface of the tail—characters by which it may readily be recognised. The Islay shrew is regarded by Major Barrett-Hamilton and Mr. Hinton as a remarkable insular development of the common shrew (*Sorex araneus*); but it differs from that and other representatives of the genus *Sorex* not only in the very dark coloration of its upper parts, but also in the dentition, most individuals lacking the small posterior (fifth) unicuspid tooth in the upper jaw. (See Fig. 2.) A large series of this little insectivore was obtained, and there can be no question as to its claim to specific distinction. On the island of Jura an intermediate form was found, many individuals approaching the Islay species in the dark colour of the back, but in all the full complement of teeth is always present in the upper-jaw, a fact which seems to indicate that Jura was separated from the mainland at a much later period in the history of the world. Islay also produced a large new field-vole (*Microtus agrestis macgillivrayi*), to be recognised externally by its dark brown upper-parts and blackish grey under-parts, which are unlike those of any of the allied forms. (See Fig. 3.) Macgillivray's vole (named after the famous Scottish naturalist) is regarded as the most primitive known form of *M. agrestis*, and



A. Hebridean Field Vole (*Microtus agrestis exsul*); Outer Hebrides, and in Arran, Gigha, Jura and Mull.

FIG. III.

B. Islay Field Vole (*Microtus agrestis macgillivrayi*); peculiar to Islay.

is on that account of very special interest to naturalists. In Mull, Mr. Sheppard discovered a large bank-vole (*Evotomys alstoni*) which has also been allowed to rank as a full species. It appears to be most closely allied to *E. norvegicus*, the Scandinavian representative of the ancient type. It is a strongly built animal of about the same dimensions as *E. skomerensis* of Barrett-Hamilton, discovered in 1903 on Skomer, off the Pembrokeshire Coast, and peculiar to that small island.

These new voles from Islay and Mull are regarded as slightly modified survivals from the Pleistocene period. In addition to these three striking novelties, Mr. Sheppard collected a number of very interesting voles. On Arran, Gigha, Jura and Mull he met with the Hebridean vole (*M. a. exsul*), which was only known to occur in Uist and the more southern islands of the Outer Hebrides. Field-mice of the *Apodemus sylvaticus* type were found in numbers on nearly all the islands, but have not yet been fully examined. They, too, display marked external differences in colour; but at present it has not been considered advisable to distinguish these insular races subspecifically. The pigmy shrew was universally distributed, and a family party from Tiree includes three quite young animals which are distinctly interesting. The work done by Mr. Sheppard was considered so important by Major Barrett-Hamilton, who is at present engaged in publishing his new book, "A History of British Mammals," that I was encouraged to complete the exploration of the remaining islands. I was fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Mr. David Anderson and Mr. P. D. Montague, who were willing to continue the field-work in the Hebrides, Mr. Anderson going to the outer group and subsequently to Rum and Eigg, while Mr. Montague visited the southern and western parts of Skye and the neighbouring islands of Raasay, Muck and Eigg. Later Mr. Claude Grant, one of our most successful field-naturalists, completed the work in Skye. Thus, with few exceptions, all the islands in the Inner and Outer Hebrides have been investigated, and the valuable collections which have been formed, when fully worked out, will throw much light on several obscure problems.

In the Outer Hebrides no fresh discoveries were made by Mr. Anderson, but fine series of the vole (*M. a. exsul*) and the field-mouse (*A. s. hebridensis*) were acquired. The Inner Hebrides, however, yielded three more novelties. Eigg produced a remarkable field-vole with a silvery white under-surface and flanks, which has been named *M. a. mial*. Both our collectors obtained fine series of this animal. Muck, too, had its peculiar field-vole (*M. a. luchi*), entirely different from that found on the neighbouring island of Eigg, and having yellowish buff under-parts. It is a small, stunted representative of the larger form (*M. a. neglectus*) found on the mainland of Scotland, and is a scarce and very local animal. Mr. Montague only succeeded in trapping three examples. Lastly, on Raasay, off the east of Skye, Mr. Montague obtained a peculiar bank-vole of large size, which has been pronounced to be a quite distinct species, and named *Evotomys erica*. It is allied to *E. Alstoni* from Mull, already referred to above, but differs in many well marked characters.

Major Barrett-Hamilton and Mr. Hinton consider that the evidence afforded by the small mammalia inhabiting these islands shows that Islay, and perhaps Jura, was separated from the old Hebridean land area as well as from the mainland of Scotland at an earlier period than the other islands, and that Muck, with its small vole of Scottish affinities, was connected with the mainland long after Eigg had become an island. They also think it likely that the severance of the Hebridean district transpired before that of the Orkneys. The evidence of the mammals supports the suggestion of a former direct land-connection between Western Norway and the Hebrides, put forward by Professor Stejneger.

The following is a list of the Western Islands visited in 1912-13, showing the species met with on each:

	INNER HEBRIDES.				
	Field-vole.	Bank-vole.	Field-mouse.	Shrew.	Pigmy Shrew.
Bute .....	<i>Microtus agrestis neglectus</i>	<i>Evotomys glareolus</i>	<i>Apodemus sylvaticus</i> (small dark form)	<i>Sorex araneus</i>	<i>S. minutus</i>
Gt. Cumbrae .....	—	—	<i>A. sylvaticus</i> (large very light coloured form)	<i>S. araneus</i>	—
Arran .....	<i>M. a. exsul</i>	—	<i>A. sylvaticus</i> (large light form)	<i>S. araneus</i>	<i>S. minutus</i>
Gigha .....	<i>M. a. exsul</i>	—	<i>A. sylvaticus</i> (large light form)	—	—
Islay .....	<i>M. a. macgillivrayi</i> subsp. n.	—	<i>A. sylvaticus</i> (large light form)	<i>S. granti</i> sp. n.	<i>S. minutus</i>
Jura .....	<i>M. a. exsul</i>	—	—	<i>S. araneus</i> (dark form)	—
Colonsay .....	—	—	—	—	—
Oronsay .....	—	—	—	—	—
Mull .....	<i>M. a. exsul</i>	<i>E. alstoni</i> sp. n.	<i>A. sylvaticus</i> (small dark form)	<i>S. araneus</i>	—
*Tiree .....	—	—	<i>A. sylvaticus</i> (large light form)	—	<i>S. minutus</i>
Coll .....	—	—	—	—	<i>S. minutus</i>
Muck .....	<i>M. a. luchi</i> subsp. n.	—	—	—	—
Eigg .....	<i>M. a. mial</i> subsp. n.	—	<i>A. sylvaticus</i> (small form)	<i>S. sp. incert.</i>	—

	INNER HEBRIDES—(continued).				
	Field-vole.	Bank-vole.	Field-mouse.	Shrew.	Pigmy Shrew.
Rum .....	—	—	<i>A. sylvaticus</i> (very large light-coloured form)	<i>S. araneus</i> (?)	<i>S. minutus</i>
*Skye .....	<i>M. a. exsul</i> (West Skye)	—	<i>A. sylvaticus</i> (large, light form)	—	—
Raasay .....	—	<i>E. erica</i> sp. n.	—	—	—

\* On Tiree (common mouse, *Mus musculus*) a light brown form was found on the reef.  
† On Skye (water shrew, *Neomys fodiens*) several examples were trapped by Mr. Claude Grant.

OUTER HEBRIDES.				
Lewis .....	—	—	<i>A. s. hebridensis</i>	<i>S. minutus</i>
Harris .....	—	—	<i>A. s. hebridensis</i>	—
North Uist .....	<i>M. a. exsul</i>	—	—	—
Benbecula .....	<i>M. a. exsul</i>	—	—	—
South Uist .....	<i>M. a. exsul</i>	—	—	—
Barra .....	—	—	—	—

St. Kilda has two species of mice peculiar to the group, *Mus muralis* of the house-mouse type, with buffy-white under-parts, and a large field-mouse (*Apodemus hirtensis*), both described by Major Barrett-Hamilton in 1899. In the Faeroe Islands a large mouse (*Mus faeroensis*, Clarke) is found allied to the St. Kilda form. The Orkney Islands are inhabited by large field-voles of a quite distinct type from *Microtus agrestis*, the main differences being found in the structure of the molar teeth. *M. orcadensis* was first described by Mr. J. G. Millais in 1904 from Pomona and similar or closely allied forms occur on the adjacent islands, South Ronaldsay, Shapinsay and Rousay. On Sanday another sub-species (*M. o. sandayensis*) is met with, and a third (*M. o. westroë*) inhabits Westray. The field-mouse (*A. sylvaticus*) inhabits most of the islands, and the pigmy shrew (*S. minutus*) also occurs there, and specimens have been obtained on Pomona and South Ronaldsay. In the Shetland Islands no vole is known to occur, and the only species I collected there was a field-mouse of a large, light coloured type, which may be identical with *A. s. fridiensis*, described by Mr. Kinnear from Fair Isle in 1906. There can be little doubt that a water-shrew is also to be found on Mainland, though I did not succeed in catching one in the stream where it was reported to occur. As it is likely to prove of special interest, it is to be hoped that others may be more fortunate.

Most of the small mammals are easily trapped and will take almost any bait, cheese being a universal favourite; but the field-voles of the *Microtus agrestis* type are always difficult to secure. For these I have found the bulb of the yellow (not the purple) crocus most successful; it should be split in half before baiting the hook of the trap. Mr. Anderson found the root of the yellow iris was also very attractive to the Hebridean vole (*M. a. exsul*), peanuts are also attractive. For water-shrews, rabbit's liver, when a few days old, is, perhaps, the best bait, but I have also caught them at times with cheese.

Several important islands in the Inner Hebrides still demand attention. Rhum has only been very imperfectly explored and must surely contain a vole and probably other species. When Mr. Anderson visited it the weather was very wet and unfavourable for trapping. Canna and Sanday, adjacent islands, have not been explored, likewise several of the smaller islands off the south and east coast of Skye.

By drawing attention to the interesting discoveries that have recently been made among the humble inhabitants of our islands I hope to encourage others interested in our native fauna to continue the exploration of the Hebrides, paying special attention to the islands mentioned above. It is certain there is still much useful work to be done, not only there, but also on the mainland of Scotland.

W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

## PARADISE-ON-SEA.

(A Railway Porter Speaks.)

Inspectors punching tickets 'ad grown gloomy an' resigned;  
We porters, 'ot an' worried, were more snappily inclined.  
(We find it rather 'eavy work at times, 'twixt you an' me,  
A-shipping fussy passengers to Somewhere-on-the-Sea.)

Then suddenly there came a sound, 'twas cheerin' pretty plain,  
An' people ran to welcome in a 'eavy laden train.  
A gent said, "Is it soldiers, pray, or Royalty that comes?"  
"Lor' bless you, sir," I answers 'im, "it's kiddies from the slums."

Each face, 'neath dirt an' stickiness, was tanned an' 'ealthy brown,  
Which fades too soon, God 'elp 'em, in the poverty of town;  
But each 'ad got some treasures in 'is kit-bag on the rack.  
(A present for "me biby" makes the joy of comin' back.)

Inspectors snipped quite gaily and we porters stood a-grin  
To see that load of 'appiness come slowly sliding in:  
(It's that wot makes life bearable to us, 'twixt you an' me,  
A-welcomin' the kiddies back from Paradise-on-Sea.)

HESTER I. RADFORD.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

BY  
J. L. DICKIE.



muckle fish in the Manse Pool. The Rev. John McGollach being on holiday, had deputed Peter Tamson, Elder of the Kirk, to fish the said pool in his absence.

Tinny McTavish, so called because he played the dual part of village tinsmith and town crier, had got permission from Lord Peat to fish the lower pools of his water for a week. Part of this fishing included the Manse Pool from the opposite side to the Manse, and Tinny had made up his mind that to his "bow and spear" should fall the leviathan Salmo salar. Unfortunately, Peter made exactly the same resolve just as Mrs. McTavish dropped her halfpenny in the ladle at collection time on Sunday evening. It leaked out in the kirkyaird gossip that both wielders of the rod were after the monster, and half the village kept watch and ward over the Manse pool from dawn till dusk on the Monday, but were disappointed. Peter knew that Tinny couldn't leave his patch-kettle business until four o'clock in the afternoon and on Monday had a series of announcements to make throughout the village which would prevent his going to the "watter." Chivalrous as a King Arthur knight, though really consumed with an all-devouring fear that Tinny would wipe his eye over the big one, the Elder forbore to fish; but on Monday evening late heard it said at the Peat Arms over a glass of very raw whisky, that Tinny had given out that his capture of this particular salmon would most certainly not be longer delayed than Tuesday afternoon. It was even betting, for although Peter undoubtedly had been until now the champion fisher of the Glen, he was turning over to years, and his hand was not quite so steady as of yore; he was more prone to the sudden excitement which leads to apoplexy, and his partisans feared that Tinny's more even temperament and cooler head would put the Elder out of court when it came to the critical moment.

On Tuesday afternoon Peter sallied forth with his twenty-foot greenheart, and reached the waterside in a "tremble" of excitement. He sat down by the edge of the pool and, drawing out his horn-rimmed spectacles of prodigious size, settled with a sigh to select the "flee" that should slay the monster. As he conned the well-worn book with its moth-eaten flannel leaves, the salmon gave a loup and fell back with a splash that startled Peter's spectacles off his nose, and he sighed as he replaced them with trembling hand. Under ordinary circumstances he would have sworn in Gaelic, but the occasion was too solemn, and his sigh was more expressive than any oath—even in Gaelic. He chose a somewhat worn yellow eagle, and after carefully knotting it on the cast, tried every knot of the latter to see that no weakness existed. Rising, he strode to the edge of the pool and commenced to fish. As he did so he saw Tinny, followed by a rag and bobtail crowd, descend the rocks on the opposite side of the pool.

Peter hooked a small grilse when halfway down the pool, and landed it as a boy would a trout, so powerful was the twenty-footer. "First bleed," he murmured, as he extracted the hook and hid the bonny fish under a patch of fern. He carefully rinsed the blood from the hook, spat on it once more for luck and commenced again.

Tinny, who had evidently visited the Peat Arms before sallying forth, was in jocular mood, and shouted pleasantries searing to Peter's soul across the tumbling waters. "Ay, Elder, hae ye got the muckle yin yet?" accompanied by a mocking laugh.

"No yet," said Peter, mildly, for he knew his rival's object was to so enrage him that he would lose his temper sorely, when good-bye to all chance of the fish.

"A doot yer wand's some stiff i' the backbone, gae up to Mary an' borrow the meat saw an' tak six inches aff the pint an' ye'll hae mair chance, my mannie." Peter's "birse" was rising, but he gripped the rod tightly and made no reply.

At this humorous sally on Tinny's part his bodyguard gave vent to very ribald laughter, which made the Elder start, especially when Jimmy McTonal, the postman, who was no friend of Peter's, added insult to injury by yelling in Gaelic "Dinna be sae blate, Peter, man; ye're gae guid at the troots an' ye ken the price o' a pun o' saft soap richt weel, but Tinny's gaun tae wipe yer eye this time."

"Chuckle heedit swine," murmured Peter to himself.

Presently he got the "rug" again, and it was evidently a heavy fish. Peter hurried down over stones and heather after the descending salmon; he muttered a prayer in Gaelic: "Guid gie'ts the muckle beast for if I dinna get him I'll hauf murder Tinny whether he gets it or no." Now up, now down, but never showing, dashed the fish, and as the minutes sped Peter had almost made himself believe it was the prize.

"Anither troot, Peter, gie him short shuft, for ye'll spile the peel for the big yin," yelled Tinny, adding as a sarcastic touch, "maybe ye're wand's some weak even for the troots, its gey auld."

But curiously enough Peter was awakening to the prescience that although this might not be the big fish, he would get the latter before the day was out, and the very thought of laying it out in triumph on the stone floor at the Peat Arms on his way home before an admiring crowd was delicious unction to his soul, and so he kept his temper and held hard on to the fish, never saying a word. Eventually it gave in and, as it floated belly up to the side, Peter dexterously gaffed it, a fine new run salmon of twenty-five pounds.

"A gey guid trootie that," shouted Tinny. "Ay and his big brither'll be lyin' beside him afore lang," said the Elder placidly.

This enraged Tinny, who shook his fist at the Elder and yelled, "I'll bet ye a hunderweight o' the best saft soap till a clay pipe he'll dae naething o' the sort."

"Done wi' ye," roared the Elder. At these pleasantries the crowd yelled: "Well deen, Elder, if ye win the soap ye'll stan' Tinny a hot dook i' yer muckle washin' tub for he's as muckle dirt on's tongue as ye hae on yer whole body."

The crowd had got sick of Tinny and now plumped for the Elder as their last outburst showed; and, deserting the whisky-sodden tinsmith, wended their way over by the bridge and down the glebe to Peter's side. "God Elder, a' hope ye'll beat 'im, for he's an ill-tongued sumph bit."

"Noo, laddies," said the Elder, "I've nae quarrel wi' Tinny, tho' his tongue is some rough, but jeest haud yer peace, an' watch, for I feel here"—he touched his heart—"that I'm gaun tae get the muckle brute, an' I'll stan' ye a bottle o' whisky tae kirsen him in when he's landit."

"Three cheers for Elder Tamson," roared the crowd.

"Wisht, wisht," said Peter, "dinna mak' sic a noise."

Tinny was still sitting glowering over a tin box full of flies and the Elder wondered what the game could be; why did not his opponent commence to fish? Having stowed the fish in the fern Peter walked to the top of the pool and began again. The big fish—and a monster he was (McAndrew, Lord Peat's keeper, put him at over fifty pounds)—was lying behind a sunken rock in the middle of the pool half-way down, there was a beautiful oily swirl behind the rock, and a well thrown fly would search it thoroughly if properly placed. Peter put on a fresh cast, tried it severely, mounted a new Yellow Eagle, and cast again. He fished on until he was within twenty yards of the fateful spot, when, to his astonishment and disgust, up got Tinny and, stepping into the water, kilt and all, threw his fly right in front of the Elder's. Now, as everybody who is a fisher knows, it is a heinous sin to go into a pool in front of another who is first in the pool; and Peter was astounded at the crime, for it was nothing less to his simple country soul, and, personally, he would as soon have cut his throat as done such a thing. But it was the last straw; his temper, already sorely tried, was now in shreds, and could be bottled up no longer.

"Ye weevily shargour (dwarf) hoo daur ye, I'll put it in that pudden heid o' yours that no chentleman coes intil a peel in front of anither chentleman what is fishing, ye lousy forkitail." The crowd yelled with delight, now there was going to be a battle, would the Elder or Tinny win?

"Peter Tamson, Elder o' the Kirk an' seller o' saft soap, candy bools an' ither commodities, I haf his lordship's permesion tae fish here, an' fish I will when an' how it plaises me, ye gowk." The Elder reeled up and came up the bank.

"Go it Elder, dinna lat him fear ye, he's an ill faured body."

Peter did not reply, but taking out the worn fly book with an expression of the grimmest determination, sat down and looked it through. At the end in a pocket of the flap, was a huge six-inch Gordon, with which Peter often did execution in the spring

and knotting it on to a treble cast in place of the single one he had been using, he carefully soaked it and tried it hard.

"Noo we'll see some fun," said Andy Pitlurg, the village scally (scavenger). "Keep ae eye on Peter an' anither on Tinny, but mair especially on Tinny, for, if I'm no mistook Tinny's gaun tae get the biggest fricht he's ever had in 's life."

Peter now stepped down to the water's edge and commenced to cast. Never was the Elder in finer form. Swish went the great twenty-foot greenheart, and the fly lit gently on the water and floated a moment before it sank beneath the surface. At every cast he drew nearer to Tinny, who was thrashing away vigorously, and presently he struck hard. The effect was instantaneous, for Tinny tottered, his rod waved ominously as he dropped it in the pool and head over heels he went, his large brogueed feet coming uppermost as he was swirled down in the boiling flood.

"Droon 'im, droon 'im, Elder," roared the delighted crowd.

Peter, now in the highest good humour, chuckled hoarsely as he held on tight to the kilted monstrosity which gurgled and struggled and swore weird oaths in Gaelic at the end of the line; but Peter had him well under control, and each time Tinny's head appeared he gave the rod a tilt and down went the tousled red head once more.

"Dod, it's as good as a play," said Pitlurg. "Are ye reely gaun tae droon him, Elder?"

"Na, na, I think he's had his lesson," said Peter, and reeling up hard, guided the brilliant tartan kilt of Tinny over to the Manse side of the pool. "Pitlurg, gae up tae Mary at the Manse an' borrow a suit of claes an' the meenister's dug wheep," said Peter, grimly. Pitlurg was off like a shot, and presently returned bearing a powerful dog-whip and an old suit of the Reverend McGollach's.

Gradually the now exhausted, though still cursing, Tinny came nearer, until, holding his rod in his left hand, Peter stooped down and plunged the gaff hard into Tinny's kilt and lugged him ashore. Alas, he had struck more than the kilt! as Tinny's awful yells indicated.

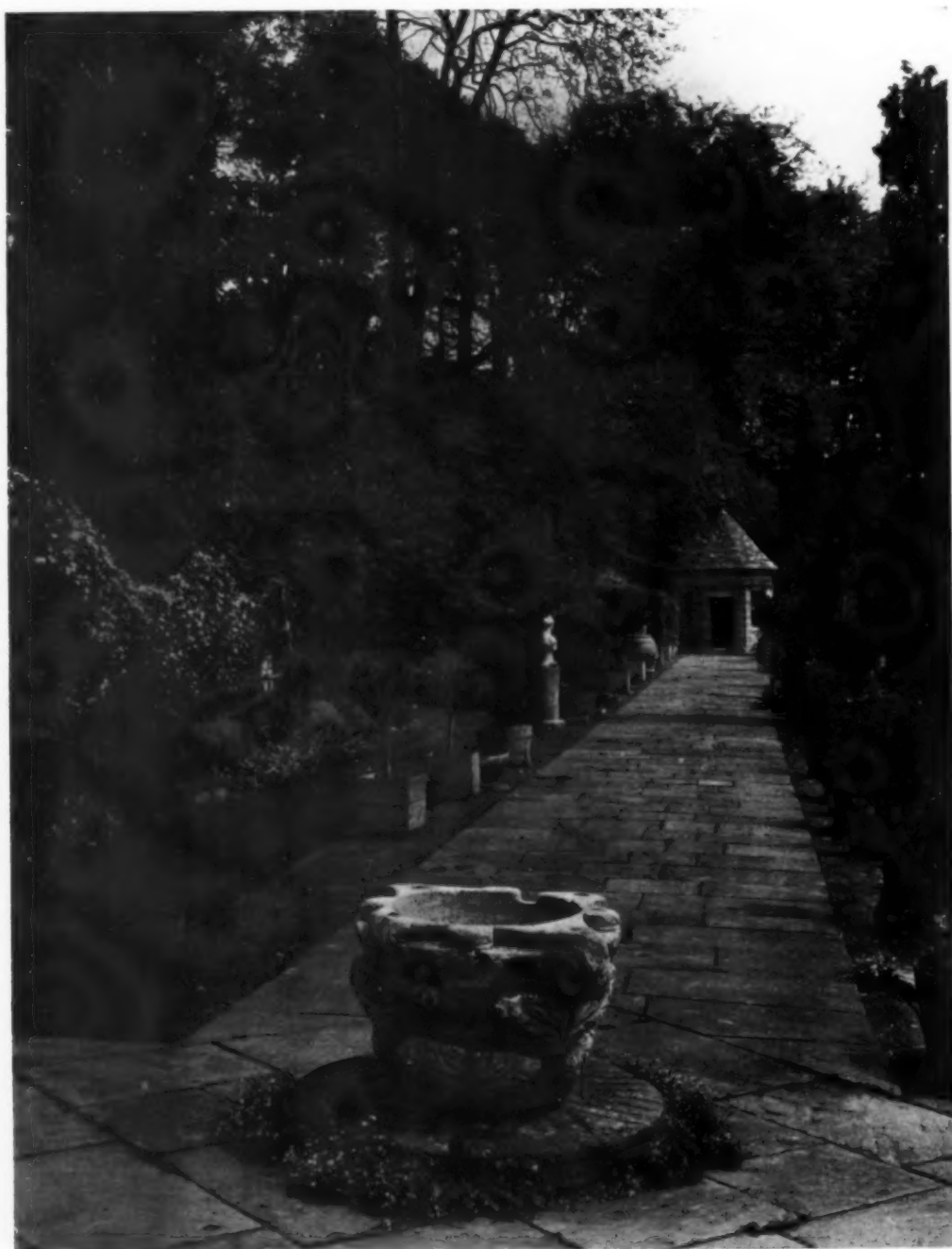
Peter dragged him up the bank, and holding him with his left hand, he administered a good thrashing with the dog-whip. "I'll teach ye" (skelp) "tae go in front of a chentleman fishing before ye." (Skelp.)

Tinny roared at last for mercy, and Peter thereupon drew out his old wicker-covered flask and gave him a thundering good dram of neat whisky, while Pitlurg and the others stripped off the dripping kilt and arrayed him in the minister's old suit.

Warmed and dry, Tinny thrust out his hairy hand to the Elder, and murmured: "Elder, ye're a chentleman, an' I'm sorry whateffer."

Peter grasped the outstretched hand, and said, "I forgie ye, Tinny, but dinna ye forget in a hurry yer lesson in politeness."

## A FORGOTTEN TREASURE IN A GARDEN.



Copyright.

ONE OF THEODORIC'S CAPITALS IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."  
Long used as a well head and discovered by Mr. Harold Peto in Bologna.

**A**MONG the many unusual features which go to make up the astonishing west facade of St. Mark's

at Venice not the least important, though perhaps the least noticed, is the collection of attached columns and capitals which decorate it but have practically no structural value. Broadly speaking, these columns and capitals are "loot." St. Mark's is, in fact, a museum of loot. Its wonderful marbles, its inlaid carvings, the material of its old mosaics, some of its bronze doors, the contents of its Treasury—all are loot, fetched home to Venice by conquering fleets, the largest single group of them from Constantinople on the occasion of its capture by the men of the Fourth Crusade. Perhaps it was then that the set of capitals, representing acanthus leaves blown by the wind, were obtained from some Byzantine church or palace. The Venetians must have been proud of them for they set up five on each side of the principal portal of St. Mark's, which they decorate to the present day. They were made of Proconnesus marble in the fifth century and are a development of the classical Corinthian type. Ruskin loved them and praised the artists of Venice for making them, but not the Venetian thieves for having the sense to want and obtain them! It is not a common type, this, of Byzantine capital, but others are known elsewhere, at Salonica, for instance, and in Syria. In all these capitals the wind blows the leaves in one direction and they surround the central mass like the blades of a ship's propeller. But there exists another and even more remarkable type of capital with wind-blown acanthus leaves, which is probably





A CAPITAL AT RAVENNA.

*With the monogram of Theodoric.*

a little later in date than the foregoing. It is, I believe, known only in Ravenna, but this type also is of Byzantine provenance. Visitors to that isolated shrine, St. Apollinare in Classe, now almost the sole remnant of an ancient and wealthy port, will perhaps remember the beautiful set of capitals on which the nave-arches rest. These are byzantinised composite, not Corinthian, capitals, the bell being covered and hidden by thorny acanthus leaves in pairs, as though flattened away from one another by a gust of wind blowing right upon them. Probably the carving of these capitals was done in the Proconnesus quarries and they were sent already finished by sea thence direct to Classe. In any case, Julianus



PRINCIPAL PORTAL ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

*The capital next but one to the door on the right.*

Argentarius, who founded the church in 534 on the site of a Temple of Apollo, was not the first to introduce the type into Ravenna. All he did was to order another set of capitals like those made for Theodoric the Ostrogotti, when he was building for the use of his soldiers the church of St. Andrew of the Goths within the walls of the city.

It is unfortunate that Theodoric was an Arian, because that fact made the men in power at later times, who were all Catholics, hostile to his memory and impious in their dealings with his monuments. Charlemagne was one of the worst in this respect—but that is another story. At all events, the Church of St. Andrew of the Goths fell on evil days and, like so many Ravenna churches, was ultimately destroyed. The Venetians, when they held Ravenna, pulled it down, about 1457, but they had the good sense to realise that its capitals were very beautiful, and they used some of them again. They introduced them here and there, as occasion offered, into the portico of the Piazza, for instance, and into the Palazzo Goverbativo. Three others have drifted into the local museum, and one, which was bored and long used as a well-head by some man of taste, has now found a home in England and is the origin of these present notes. The interesting point about this set of capitals is that they bear the monogram of Theodoric, and so were evidently made specially for him. In the best-preserved example the whole name can be plainly read. Within a foliated wreath with a cross at the top are the letters THEODR and perhaps also an S. Any capital found anywhere which bears this monogram and is of the same size, design and material as those at Ravenna, must assuredly belong to the St. Andrew set.

England is really a very extraordinary country. If in the past it has not looted like Venice it was at all events a very omnivorous buyer. English travellers have been a great folk for bringing oddments of all sorts home and finding a use for them later. Hence, you may expect to find anything anywhere in England, and especially in the precincts of English country houses. One of the last found and loveliest fragments of the Parthenon frieze turned up in an English rockery. Not, however, that the Theodoric capital I am recording was a neglected or forgotten fragment. It belongs to no less a connoisseur than Mr. Harold Peto; but he had bought it for its beauty from a Bologna dealer, and there was no pedigree with it. By a mere chance I saw a photograph of it standing in his garden at Ilford Manor, and knew it for Theodoric's; I went to see it, and found my guess to be correct. For there are on it the remains of the accustomed monogram, and in size and design it matches the rest of the set of capitals remaining from St. Andrew of the Goths. In Mr. Peto's garden it is among friends, though there are not, of course, many, if any, contemporaries. Within hail of it are various pieces of Venetian and other ancient sculptures, and it stands proudly at the crossing of the paved paths on the columned terrace of as lovely a garden as you might wish to see. Thus framed and duly prized, it still continues, after some one thousand four hundred years of existence, to perpetuate the memory of the great Theodoric's admirable taste and of the power of design of some Byzantine sculptor whose name is forgotten but whose works still proclaim him.

MARTIN CONWAY.

## GLENROWAN.

The winds are hushed, the kirk bells' ringing  
 Sounds through the rowan trees.  
 Why did ye leave me lonely, Donald?  
 Why did ye cross the seas?  
 We might have come to kirk, Donald,  
 Wi' the bairns between us now;  
 But all I've got o' the years, Donald,  
 Is the grey hair on my brow.

I've climbed the hill we loved, Donald,  
 That breasts the Northern gale;  
 Its burns are dry and dumb, Donald,  
 Its heather bells are pale.  
 Four empty seas I saw, Donald,  
 From the cairn that's lone and grey,  
 And seven stones I laid on it,  
 For the years ye've been away.

Will ye come back at twilight, Donald,  
 When the grey gulls line the shore?  
 Or will ye wait till I am dead,  
 And watch the seas no more?—  
 When the red crotal hides my hair,  
 And the grey moss blinds my eye,  
 And no one's left at all, Donald,  
 To tell ye where I lie.

MARY ADAIR MACDONALD.

## IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO-DAY.



MOVING CAMP.

THE march of civilisation has so rapidly overrun the face of our globe that, during recent years, many of those places which were formerly little known, except to savages or wandering white hunters, are to-day becoming thickly populated, while the native savage and wild game alike have disappeared for ever from their ancient haunts. In few countries is this more marked than in the famous Wild West of America. The hardy frontiersmen or backwoodsmen of a few decades past would marvel indeed could they now see what once were the great rolling prairies or dense forests of Wyoming and Montana. Gone for ever are the vast herds of buffalo, antelope and wapiti which roamed the boundless plains, gone also are the huge virgin forests, while the sorry remnants of the Red Indian tribes whose ancestors hunted and fought in these fair lands remain confined in restricted areas, where the vices, diseases and strong drinks of the white man are rapidly thinning their numbers.

Across the prairies, in all directions, now run miles upon miles of railway lines, bringing with them their usual accompaniment of settlers; and over all the plains the hand of man is marked by means of numerous inartistic wooden dwellings, wire fences or irrigation ditches, stretching far as the eye can see on either side. In the forests, too, huge burnt areas, or desolate-looking tree-stumps, denote where fires and axes have wrought their havoc. Even the far-famed cowpuncher, resplendent in his picturesque costume, with lassoes hanging on his saddle and six-shooters protruding from belt or pockets, is a thing of the past, although here and there one encounters a splendid youth, who smokes cigarettes while he apes the manners and costume of his predecessors, but who is often too idle to throw

a rope, or totally incapable of riding a bad buckjumper or of using effectively the revolver which he proudly displays. In fact, if most of these modern cowboys had attempted to draw his gun at an old-fashioned saloon gathering in a "wide-open" town of the West, before he could touch the trigger he would have been as full of lead as a plum pudding is full of raisins. For, alas! the glory and glamour of the Wild West has departed for ever.

First came the lumbering ox waggons, with their hardy owners, emigrants and hunters, a race of men, scarred and weather-beaten, fighting their way grimly, inch by inch, to open the new Eldorado. Foot by foot they drove the Indians



PACKING HOME TO CAMP.





ON THE BANKS OF THE SOSHONE RIVER.

and game before them, and for years barely held their own in these unknown lands. Then came that mighty factor, steam, and the steel roads with their high-powered locomotives, to-day conveying the settlers or tourists in a few hours across those once desolate prairies, to traverse which once took the old pioneer as many weeks to accomplish. In consequence, he who to-day sets out in quest of sport through such a country as Wyoming must be prepared for a series of rude shocks if he hopes to find anything approaching the state of affairs there about which he has read in the books of his youth.

The splendid buffalo is extinct; but here and there we may find a few decayed bones or relics of a skull, the last traces of an animal which roamed in countless thousands over the prairies, and were wantonly exterminated partly by hunters for their hides, and partly by settlers to make way for their cattle. The curious prong-horn antelope also has almost been wiped out in these districts. But saddest of all, perhaps, is to see the present state to which the finest deer on earth, the American wapiti, has been reduced. This noble beast, which was formerly a denizen of the open country, has been driven to seek refuge in the densest forests. Here it is hard indeed for any number of them to obtain sufficient food, and in consequence the type and size of their antlers shows a marked depreciation in modern years. As everyone knows, a harbour of refuge has been found for them by the United States

Government in the Yellowstone Park, and here the tourist may see, face to face, grazing in bands, the semi-tame remnants of the once vast herds of wapiti. Outside this sanctuary, on every side, as soon as the season opens, each valley or pass which leads from the Yellowstone to the surrounding country is peopled with so-called sportsmen, or meat-hunters, all camped and waiting for those unwary animals which may roam beyond the confines of their reservation.

In these outlying districts, where a few cunning bands of wapiti still survive, they have entirely changed their habits during the early part of the season. Formerly the herds would be found grazing, or roaming through the low-lying, open parks, while throughout the day and night the forests would echo to that melodious whistling call of the bulls. But to-day, if a hunter seeks the so-called American "elk" he must perforce look in different places to those frequented by the old-time hunters. Far up, on the very edge of the timber-line, feeding and climbing almost like a mountain sheep among steep crags, and on the verge of snow-line, we now find the few survivors of the splendid animals. And so terrified are they by the constant presence of their natural enemy man, with his innumerable camp fires and attendant noises, that the bulls seldom dare give utterance to their challenging calls. So true is this that the writer after spending many weeks during the past season in the wilds of Wyoming only heard



A NOBLE HEAD.

a wapiti whistling on two occasions, and, moreover, throughout this period only saw one head worth shooting at. It is true this was a noble head, and one of the finest brought out of that country for some time past, but the capture of this head entailed many weeks of hard work, many scores of miles travelling, and many thousands of feet hard climbing, in a country which a few years ago was teeming with good heads.

In the same way the bears and big-horn sheep of the Rocky Mountains have almost become a thing of the past. Even the very numerous mule deer have disappeared from their former haunts, and in much-hunted localities are only to be found on the highest points where timber grows. Late in the season, when heavy snow falls, bands of wapiti and mule deer are driven from their refuge in the Yellowstone Park and move down to lower grounds in such places as Jackson's Hole or the valley of the Soshone River. Woe betide these luckless wanderers if the open season is still in force, for at the head of every pass leading out of the game reserve are armed bodies of meat-hunters, who shoot on sight old or young, male or female, regardless of age, or sex, every deer that is seen. More shame is it to the authorities who still permit the sale of deer meat in the surrounding towns.

Vast herds of deer congregate in the low grounds during severe winters, and many hundreds of them perish for want of food. It is no uncommon event for kind-hearted farmers to feed numbers of wapiti from their stores of hay. But the expense of this is more than these hard-working individuals can stand, and something surely should be done by the United States authorities to provide for the needs of these fine animals, which have been driven from their winter feeding-grounds by the settlers and their cattle.

The *modus operandi* of making a trip after wapiti is too well known to need description. If undertaken early in the season by a sportsman who is well equipped with men and pack-horses, the expedition is rather in the nature of a pleasant picnic. The climatic conditions in September and early October are generally perfect, while the absence of mosquitoes and other biting flies make these regions appear a Paradise to one who has done much big-game hunting further north-west in the real wilds of North America, which are only now to be found in Northern British Columbia and Alaska. But if a sportsman delays his trip until late in the fall, and then camps, as the writer has done, at an altitude of over ten thousand feet, he will find the early frosts and snow make life in a tent, even in Wyoming, rather colder than is necessary for personal comfort.

The way in which an American pack-horse can thread its way through dense timber, or follow a narrow, snake-like trail across dangerous rock slides, is little short of marvellous. It is an interesting sight to see a long line of these sure-footed animals threading their way in single file along the face of a dangerous precipice, often treading on loose, rolling rocks, in places where one false step means a sheer drop of two thousand or three thousand feet into empty space. Yet it is seldom that one falls off the trail. If this does happen, the owner may bid good-bye to his horse and all that he carries, since rarely anything but fragments are found afterwards on searching the valley below.

Strange to say, although the Wyoming wapiti have developed unwonted cunning in seeking their living and feeding grounds, they are still comparatively stupid animals to stalk. Especially so is this the case with travelling bulls when they are running in search of cows. Then, by means of whistling in a very poor imitative style of the bull's challenge, a solitary bull can often be called up to within a few yards of the hunter. The writer and his guide have thus been enabled to follow a bull for two miles through the forest, answering his repeated call at intervals, until finally they have come face to face a few yards apart, in a forest glade. The bull, under such conditions, undoubtedly thinks he is being followed by a hated rival, but how any wild animal which has such a highly

trained ear that it can distinguish between a twig broken by the human foot and the ordinary noises of a forest can yet be misled into thinking the whistling of a human being is the call of another bull is a mystery which is beyond the understanding of man. Doubtless, before it is yet too late, the authorities in charge of the United States Game Departments will awake to the danger of extinction which to-day threatens the game of those world-renowned Rocky Mountain districts. But with a curious inconsistency they have long ago passed a law prohibiting the sale of game, etc., in their most distant territory of Alaska, where often it is impossible for a resident to obtain any other form of fresh meat. And yet, in a land nearer home, where flocks and herds of domestic sheep and cattle abound, we see the sale of game still allowed, and a consequent number of professional meat-hunters working destruction among the noblest specimens of the deer tribe now left on the face of the earth.

C. E. RADCLIFFE.

## IN THE GARDEN.

SOME SHRUBS WITH ORNAMENTAL FRUITS.

AT this season of the year, when our hedgerows are resplendent with the brilliant fruits of the Wayfaring and Spindle Trees or the more sombre hues of the common Hawthorn, it seems opportune to draw attention to the goodly host of shrubs that are worth including in our gardens for the sake of their fruits alone. It is a curious trait of Nature that many of our best berried trees and shrubs, notably the Holly and Sea Buckthorn, have flowers of an inconspicuous character; hence, were it not for their fruits or foliage, one would find but little use for them, even in the largest shrubberies. The autumnal and winter beauty of such shrubs has not in the past been considered so fully as it might have been, and too often little more than a passing thought is given them when planting is done. Yet they have their value from now onwards, when the autumn flush of flowers is on the wane, and some of the best are mentioned here as a reminder to those who anticipate planting shrubs this autumn. Generally speaking, they will thrive in any good garden soil, but the best effects are usually obtained by grouping the smaller-growing kinds in masses instead of planting them as isolated specimens.

The most interesting family of all is the Symphoricarpus, or Snowberry, of which, until quite recently, *racemosus* was the best example; but a year or two ago one named *occidentalis*, with much larger fruits, was shown. Both have glistening white berries, that look very charming just now, particularly if the shrubs are grouped in front of some dark-hued evergreens such as Yews. *Crataegus Pyracantha Lelandii*, though usually grown on a wall, is much more effective as a free shrub, in which form its large clusters of orange scarlet fruits give a pleasing pendulous habit to the branches. To crucify this plant on a red brick wall, as is so often done, is the acme of bad taste, and ought not to be tolerated in any garden. The Sea Buckthorn, already referred to, is one of the most beautiful of all our fruiting shrubs, though perhaps its semi-transparent, pale orange berries are more appreciated in the winter. In planting this we must remember that male and female flowers are produced on separate bushes, and to get a display of fruits one pollen plant to about three of the other sex must be included. This also applies to the *Skimmias* and *Aucubas*, both of which will give us scarlet fruits in abundance if this little, though important, law of Nature is attended to. The *Cotoneaster* family is particularly rich in ornamental fruiting shrubs, and, common though it is, the one named *Simonsii* is the best that I know for retaining its berries through the winter. *C. frigida* makes a tall shrub, some twenty feet high, but is very beautiful just now with its good-sized bunches of red fruits. A new species named *C. applanata*



BERBERIS BREVIPANICULATA.

A new species with attractive berries.



gives promise of being particularly useful on account of the freedom with which it produces its fruits.

Among the *Berberises*, or Barberries, there are several well worth growing for the fruits that they bear. The common species found in our hedgerows, and named *vulgaris*, is very handsome with its pendulous clusters of coral red, sausage-shaped berries; but the newer *Wilsonæ* is even more charming, as it has a graceful, semi-pendulous habit and long spines that render it attractive at any season of the year. Another new species that is very beautiful at Kew just now is *B. brevipaniculata*. It has large clusters of almost globular, small fruits, the colour of which is a curious combination of orange, scarlet and crimson. It forms a neat shrub, and will doubtless be extensively planted when better known. In the Prickly Heath (*Pernettya mucronata*) we have a dwarf evergreen shrub that likes peat in the soil, and which, if well grown, will give us a wealth of globular berries. Some of these are a delicate shade of rose pink, others nearly crimson and others again ivory white, these variations at times being found on the same plant. If grouped among such shrubs as *Rhododendrons* the Prickly Heath makes a charming feature at this season. Among

the herbaceous border, and during the last year or two it has been effectively grouped by the waterside, as shown in the illustration. Here, it will be noted, planting has been done on a rather lavish scale, so that the group is bold enough to be in keeping with its surroundings, the trees and water providing a charming setting for the blue flowers. The plant is a deep rooting one, hence where it is to be planted the soil must be broken up to a depth of at least eighteen inches, and if some well decayed manure can be incorporated with it so much the better. Planting may be safely done from now onwards until well into December, or from early February until the second week in March. Reference is made to the Dropmore Alkanet now because the present is a good time of the year to increase the stock. It is not generally known that this can easily be done by means of root cuttings, made by cutting the thick, fleshy roots into pieces from four inches to six inches in length. In light, sandy soil these can be planted outside at once; but if the natural ground is clay it is better to store the root cuttings in boxes of sand in a cold frame until March, when they will be ready for the open border. In addition to the Dropmore Alkanet, which has flowers of deep blue colour, there is a charming variety



THE DROPMORE ALKANET GROUPED BY THE WATERSIDE.

Roses, there are several well worth growing for their fruit alone, one of the best being *Rosa Moyesii*, a rather new single-flowered species, the fruits of which are Pear-shaped and of a brilliant red hue. The rugosa Roses and the common Sweet Briar are others that come to mind as useful in lending gleams of colour to the landscape from now onwards well into the winter. In addition to the shrubs named above there are many which have ornamental fruits; but enough has been said to draw attention to a class of plants that is, in the rush for those with brilliant flowers, too often overlooked.

F. W. H.

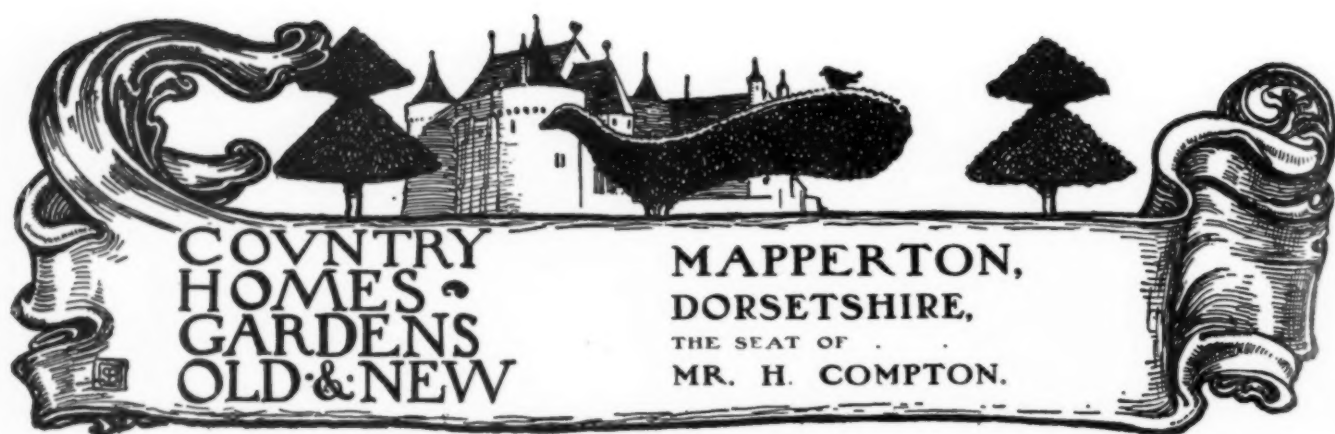
#### A BLUE-FLOWERED BORDER PLANT.

EXCEPT during the late autumn months, when the Michaelmas Daisies flout their dainty, star-like blossoms so persistently before us, border flowers of good blue tones are by no means plentiful. One of the best, and at the same time one of the easiest to grow, is the Dropmore Alkanet, or, to give its full botanical name, *Anchusa italica* Dropmore variety. As a border plant during June this is unsurpassed, and a bold grouping of it in a large border creates a welcome splash of really good blue. Its usefulness, however, is not limited to

named Opal, the blossoms of which are of a much paler but none the less pleasing tint.

#### SOME GOOD EARLY-FLOWERING CROCUSES.

A few days ago a correspondent wrote asking for the names of some good, inexpensive early-flowering Crocuses, and as the present is the time for planting, it may be of general interest to publish a short list of the best. These Crocuses should be planted in a sunny position and in soil that is perfectly drained. Deep planting must be avoided, a covering of one and a-half to two inches being ample. The most beautiful, I think, is *C. Sieberi*, with pale lavender blue flowers and orange stigmata. *C. biflorus* has snowy white flowers charmingly feathered with violet. *C. susianus*, or Cloth of Gold, is a quaint little flower that will thrive nearly anywhere. Its blossoms are rich golden yellow, with the outside of the petals deep glossy brown, and very prettily veined. *C. tommasinianus*, though it has a rather unwieldy name, is a very beautiful species, the pale lavender blue flowers, with their vivid orange scarlet stigmata, always finding a host of admirers. The Cloth of Silver Crocus (*C. versicolor*), must not be omitted, its dainty white blossoms being feathered with a charming shade of ruby purple. H.



**M**APPERTON lies on high ground in that tumbled region of hillock and dale near Beaminster which is set at rare intervals with stone-built and thatched cottages or farms, and copses of trees of no outstanding size. Beaminster, lying low in the midst of a rich grazing county, has a larger Tudor house, Parnham, as a nearer neighbour, but Mapperton, untouched by Nash, who stuccoed and touched up Parnham to its loss, is the more interesting of the two. The road runs down to Mapperton through a short avenue, behind which the sheltered and sharply terraced walled garden is hidden; and beyond the house, in line with the entrance avenue, is a second of chestnuts and ashes set in a field, either an old approach or yet another instance of the desire of the old owners to prolong their vistas. In Domesday Malperetone was held by William de Moion, and the family of Brytes or Bretts possessed it very early. The heiress of this family brought it to John Morgan of Morgan Hayes in Devon. In 1424 a patent was given by the young King Henry VI. to Robert Morgan containing permission "to use and were his bonnet on his hed at all tymys, as wel in our presence as elsewhere, at his libertie,"

since "wee bee credibly enformed that our welbelovéd Robert Morgan, esquier, for diverse infirmities which he hathe in his hedde, cannot conveniently, without his grete daungier be discovered of the same." This was one of those personal licences to wear the bonnet which were by no means infrequent in Tudor times, and have survived while more significant facts about the Morgans have been lost. The house of Mapperton was built by a Robert Morgan, who married Mary, daughter and co-heir of John Wogan, and who was fifty-one years of age in 1561, according to an inscription on his portrait once in the parlour. This Robert's elder son, John, had the misfortune to kill his brother-in-law, Nicholas Turberville, at Chard, and was executed in Elizabeth's reign. He was followed at Mapperton by his brother Christopher, whose daughters were co-heiresses. Mary married Richard Brodrepp of Huntspill, and Elizabeth Sir Thomas Trenchard. The marriage settlement between Richard Brodrepp and Mary is dated 1608, but it was not until 1618 that the deed of partition between himself and Trenchard made him actually master of Mapperton, together with the manors of Coltly and Yardgrove. His grandson, Richard







"COUNTRY LIFE."

MAPPERKTON : THE WEST FRONT.

Copyright.

Brodrepp, who died in 1706, built the coachhouse and stables, and set up the gate piers of the entrance. He was the Richard Brodrepp of Mapperton who was member, after 1643, of the Dorset Standing Committee, which had general control over the financial matters of the county under the central government. With several other Committeemen, Brodrepp begged, in 1646, that, there being no enemy "now visible in these parts, we may be freed of the intollerable burthen of the soldiers that now are amongst us." If we may judge by these dates, he must have lived to a very good age. A third Richard

this "neat and elegant fabric, consisting of a front and a north wing." The forecourt is shut in by a low wall and railing, in the midst of which are the gate piers with shell-headed niches by which the second Richard Brodrepp added to the dignity of his home. These piers are always said to support the crest of the Morgans, but the Morgans had been dust before they were put up; and it is not probable that a Brodrepp would mark his own property so very prominently with the crest of an extinct predecessor. The eagles, too, are not that very different creature, the Morgan griffin, which still, with the



Copyright.

PORCH AND BAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Brodrepp died in 1737. To a fourth and last Richard Brodrepp, who died in 1774, "a gentleman of great eminence in the law," must be ascribed the balustrading along the front and the modernising of the garden fronts. With him the Brodrepp family of Mapperton died out, and his estates passed to his nephew, Bennet Combe. In 1788 it went by marriage to the Comptons of Minstead, its present owners.

The eighteenth century vocabulary in which the words neat and elegant are the blue ribbon of architectural praise sounds oddly enough when applied to the Tudor building of Robert Morgan. But so Hutchins expresses himself of

lion of the Bretts, keeps the pinnacles of the north wing. The house is a low, two-storeyed building of yellow stone, weathered and mottled with grey, with roof of heavy stone slabs where the dormers of the west front are half obscured by a balustrade. The church of humble proportions, which makes a south wing, was restored or rebuilt in 1704, according to the Hutchins, "to be as much like the house as the nature of such a structure would admit," but it is difficult to see any analogies between the two.

It is in the north wing that Robert Morgan's house has least changed, though the great bay has gone that once lit both





Copyright.

ENTRANCE GATES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the present drawing-room and the bedroom above it. Small in extent, the wing shows the vitality and sense of romance of the Tudor builders in the pinnacles that kept alive the memory of its early owners after the house had passed into other hands. The mullioned windows with arched heads on the western face and in the small south gable are original, and the remaining windows have lately been restored to correspond with them. The Morgan crest—a griffin's head,

holding in its mouth a corn flag of three leaves—is cut in the spandrels of the flat-pointed arch of the doorway within the porch. Over the porch, outside, is carved in relief the shield of the Brodrepps with its four swans, which has all the appearance of being stuck on to the wall; and this front was remodelled or partly rebuilt some time after 1618 and before 1706. Hutchins says that the rebuilding was the work of Richard Brodrepp (which might be the first Brodrepp owner or his grandson who died in 1706). What makes the rebuilding a difficulty is that the west wing is little and low, in keeping with the Tudor wing, and that the old entrance doorway with the Morgan crest was evidently not removed, though shell-headed niches are introduced inside the porch, exactly like those at Keevil in Wiltshire where also the long-lived, flat-pointed arch is used in the entrance, which is dated 1611. There is nothing specially characteristic of



Copyright.

THE WEST GABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

seventeenth century date but the windows, which have transoms of stone. Within the porch the year 1661 and the initials of Richard Brodrepp are cut, and about this time was built the picturesque courtyard, where to the north of the grass plot lie the stables, on the south the coach-house, each with their range of pedimented windows and ball-topped entrance gate piers.

Some of the walls at the south-east corner of the old portion of the house contain

early masonry. These, with the vaulted room below which raises the ground floor to terrace level, may have been originally outbuildings or part of the older house that doubtless existed before Robert Morgan's time. Not many years ago, between the east windows of the drawing-room and edge of the terrace, what were undoubtedly old foundations were discovered, when the ground was broken up for laying a pavement. "The course of this older house, if such existed, was along the edge of the terrace, but much is necessarily left to conjecture as the fragments of stone may possibly be nothing more than the base of an old wall." The garden front, with its eighteenth century transformation of sash windows, door and short length of balustrade, has little of antiquity left but the heraldic animals on their pinnacles, and within doors also much has been changed. In the hall were once the arms of the Morgans, carved in wood or stone or



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WEST SIDE OF COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





MAPPERTON: THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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MAPPERTON: A BEDROOM CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

IN THE LILAC ROOM.



IN MORNING ROOM.

"C.L."



colouring the glass of the windows. The woodwork has gone, and the heraldic glass went to trick out the eighteenth century church in the time of the last Brodrepp owner, who shared Horace Walpole's disastrous fancy for moving stained glass from one place to another and robbing old buildings to "consecrate" new. It seems to have been removed again, and again used, for the glass was found in a box at Mapperton by Captain Robert Aitchison, son-in-law of Henry Coombe Compton, and placed in the church during the restoration of the middle of the nineteenth century. Vanished, too, from the hall is the inscription cut by the builders:

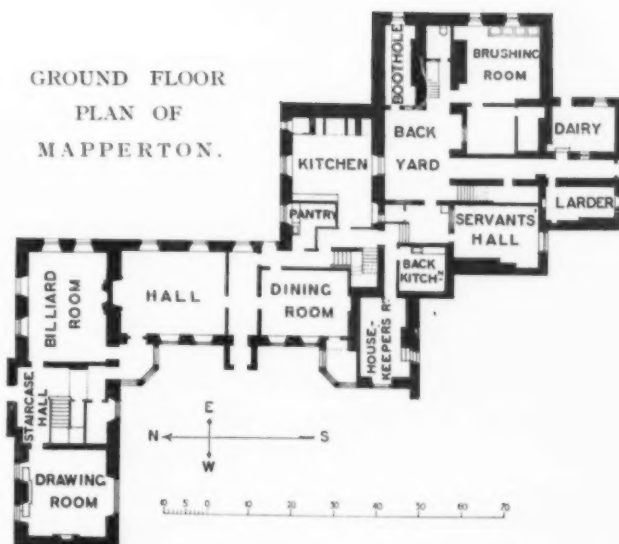
Robert Morgan and Mary his wife built this house in their own life-time and at their own charge and cost.

What they spent, that they lent;  
What they gave, that they have;  
What they left, that they lost.

But two features of Tudor magnificence—the ceilings of the drawing-room and the bedroom above it—still remain. In the drawing-room the crest or arms of the Bretts and the Morgans are repeated in the panels of geometrical tracery. In the bedroom immediately above, the ceiling is of simple moulded ribs, with pendants at the intersections and fleurs-de-lys within the radiating panels, a motif common enough but more than usually appropriate to the Morgans, whose arms are "on a bend a fleur-de-lys between two cinquefoils." The pendants are of wood, fastened with iron bolts through the floor above. This ceiling is in the English manner, but the frieze and the chimney-piece show the hand of an Italian-trained craftsman, such as the English plasterer, Charles Williams, who, in 1547, wrote to offer the builder of Longleat decorations "in the Italian fashion." The frieze, which was evidently cast in a mould of lengths of six feet, is purely Italian, with its medallion heads supported by female grotesques. The upper part of the chimney-piece has balusters, delicate foliage and arabesques of Italian ornament surrounding, in its central panel, the Morgan coat and the motto, *Loiale sa provera*. There is a fragment of plaster-work of the same character above the small Tudor chimney-piece in the lilac room, where the design is made up of the same cast medallion heads as on the frieze in the bedroom, together with balusters and delicate scrollwork. In the spandrels of the stone chimney arch the carved cognisances of the Bretts and Morgans make their appearance again, fronting one another. These are original to Mapperton, but the two early seventeenth century plaster overmantels, one of which has an equally loyal motto, *Ames Loyaulte*, come from the small manor of Melplash, not two miles away. That house was bought by Richard Brodrepp in 1693 and has come down with the Mapperton property.

*Ames Loyaulte* is the Paulet motto, and the story of the transference of Melplash from its owners, the Mores, to that family is a curious one. In Henry VIII.'s reign there flourished

GROUND FLOOR  
PLAN OF  
MAPPERTON.



a Sir Thomas More of Melplash (a very different character from his better-known namesake and contemporary), who, as Sheriff of Dorset and Somerset, opened "in a frolic" the prison doors at Dorchester and let loose the prisoners. Sir Thomas had to seek a pardon for his diversion from the Lord Treasurer Paulet, afterwards Marquess of Winchester, and when the matter was arranged, he had to marry one of his daughters to Lord Paulet's second son. Mr. Compton removed the overmantel with the Paulet arms, together with a smaller one with the arms of James I., from Melplash to Mapperton in 1908-9. The latter has the Royal arms in an oblong panel flanked by caryatides, upon whose terminal portion is seen the crowned rose and fleur-de-lys. The former is dated 1604, and has the Paulet arms and quarterings encircled by the Garter, with the supporters in a fantastic strapwork framework, upon which two figures are perched holding the Paulet crest, a hawk with wings displayed. In both cases the large and later overmantels with their rude Flemish figures dwarf the refined and simple Tudor chimney arches below them.

If the interior has been changed and restored, Mapperton's exterior has already blended and assimilated its later additions into one generous whole, and the pure Tudor of Robert Morgan's north wing is not more deeply embroidered and tinted with the encroachments of lichen than the front that Richard Brodrepp rebuilt in the seventeenth century.

J.

## CHRONICLES OF AN OLD HOUSE.

TOWARDS sunset the gardens lie under a golden haze. June, with its sweetness, wherein lurks no tinge of melancholy, is here. The roses are entering into their kingdom and overflow the garden like a flood. The other flowers grow lavishly and luxuriously enough, but they form no more than a shining background for the roses, surrounding them in willing subservience like courtiers gathered about a radiant queen. This is not the moment for speech, but for a smiling silence and for memories as unshadowed as the face of summer—or rather for a completely satisfying present without memories. For summer in her essence is perfect sweetness and delight—she looks neither before nor backwards, complete in her own loveliness, a pagan season with no concern beyond the warm moment, and the rose is the symbol of her. Sheer perfume and flawless colour, grown miraculously tangible, colour and perfume each suggesting each—if one had to create a flower blindly from its scent alone one would surely fashion a rose! Yet, since there is no spell by which the present hour can be isolated from the rest of life, memories intrude—very softly and delicately, ruffling the mind as lightly as a little wind breathing on the surface of sleeping waters—memories like moths or butterflies, impossible to grasp, mostly of childhood or of summer afternoons long ago, and of that brooding stillness which lay on Sundays over a little black and white Sussex village and the meadows surrounding it. So the smiling silence goes on, and the roses saturated with the evening sunlight breathe it out again in ever heavier perfume.

Truly this is a rose-haunted place! They exist with an independent life of their own, scrambling and rioting wheresoever they will. How they overclimb the house! Like eager besiegers

scaling a castle wall they press and surge and leap upon each other, then fall back suddenly in tangled masses of white and golden and red flame. There is one rose especially, an Austrian briar, so flame-like in colour and texture that, looked at through half-closed eyes, it seems to be actually a flame, which so burns that the grey stone appears quivering with flakes of harmless fire. Here and there the roses over-spring the low battlements which run along the roof and entirely block out the narrow windows of one or two disused rooms. They possess the place! If they were left untended it would make no difference. In fifty years from now their orgies would still be held throughout the summer. There is hardly a rose existing, I think, which could not be found here, and at its best, growing proudly and defiantly as legendary roses might have grown round the feet of some Madonna. The roses are part of a secret; the richness of the soil alone might hardly explain their luxuriance. Perhaps they are the expression of all the romance of the dream-house which will never be chronicled in words. But they are one with it and, as long as it stands, indestructible. Did any seek to destroy the roses, they would spring up more fiercely than ever. They are the guardians of the mystery of the place, and sometimes, in the heat of summer, to be feared almost; then, when their scent arises like magic, one seems imprisoned between barriers of invisible perfume, and from this magic and this perfume there is no escape!

Not in the woods even—for there, one afternoon, I had a strange experience. The woods surrounding the dream-house are the stillest and most silent you may find anywhere. The paths are deep in moss, the tree trunks thick with moss of an incalculable age. Everything seems wrapped

for ever in a green twilight; so perfectly the boughs shut out the sun, almost you might dream yourself in some green cavern under the sea. You are in the midst of immense antiquity, and yet not death, for life, passionate and vigorous, is here, though alien and almost sinister. And you meet with strange surprises. Suddenly a grove of giant hollies or of yew trees, twisted and fantastic, looms up among the oaks and birches. In one place the yews form themselves into an avenue, then end abruptly on the edge of a deep slope covered with thickly growing bracken, and the purpose of such an avenue cannot be guessed. But in these woods a spirit of mischief seems to lurk quite consciously, watching to inveigle the wanderer to his bewilderment, and yet, faerie and indifferent as they are, they possess a heart of flame! I came upon it unexpectedly a little before sunset. I had walked many hours, and the drowsy influences surrounding me had lulled me into a half-dream, when in the deepest part of the wood I turned into a broad, grassy track, so smooth it might have been lately mown. Young birches and elder bushes (that most fairy-like of all flowers when seen in the half twilight of a wood) bordered it on either side; down such a track must Thomas the Rhymer have ridden to Fairyland. Still drowsy, I followed it, but at the end a familiar scent, penetrating and sweet, stung me awake.

The scent of many roses—how had it followed me here, miles away as I was from the dream-garden? But, strangest mystery of all, here with the wild wood pressing upon it from every side was another dream-garden—a garden like a labyrinth laid out once by mortal hands, though the roses were straggling now and unkempt, their former royalty forgotten. I passed eagerly down one of the weed-grown paths, and in the centre of the ruined place found what must once have been a wooden pavilion with painted walls, though the colours had been long washed out by many rains; the roof had fallen in and all was desolate. Then I remembered suddenly one of the many tales in the chronicle of the dream-house which told how one of its lords had loved a lady secretly, and kept her here hidden for many a year in the deep wood among the roses; another Rosamund, who perished even in the same way, for her lover's enemies came upon them one summer night and murdered them both. I stood among the roses where they had stood in the old fiery years, and felt no fear of the ghosts which day and night must hang about the garden, for I was glad that the woods had disclosed at least one of their secrets to me, and then I smiled, for, go where I would in all that shadowy country which surrounded the dream-house, I might not escape from the dominion of the roses.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## FERRUGINOUS ROUGH-LEG NESTING IN MONTANA.

**T**HIS splendid bird is undoubtedly the most powerful hawk met with in Montana, where it is usually called eagle, and its carrying power is remarkable, as the sequel will show. It does no harm, but, on the contrary,

wages unceasing warfare against such pests as prairie dogs (*Cynomys*), gophers (*Thomomys*) and meadow mice (*Arvicola*), and should, therefore, be universally protected; nevertheless it has unfortunately become very scarce, excepting in one or two favoured localities, where it is strictly preserved. Although a good deal has been written about the ferruginous rough-leg (*Archibuteo ferrugineus*), I am not aware that it has, hitherto, been studied or photographed at the nest. Last summer Mr. W. R. Felton (an engineer of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railway) kept four nests of this hawk under observation for me, and visited them whenever his work of building a branch line between Lewistown and Great Falls allowed him time. These four nests were within a radius of four miles from the engineer's

headquarters at the Square Butte Ranch in Chouteau County, and others were reported seven miles away. Besides the above, Mr. Felton found four disused, but well preserved, eyries—two of them within a quarter of a mile of an occupied nest. All

eight nests were placed upon rocky ledges or points. They were constructed of the same materials, which consisted of sage brush and greasewood sticks, with some soapweed intermixed, and lined with dry cow dung. As will be seen from the measurements, the loose pile of sticks made the new nests remarkably high, but they settled considerably before the young had flown. A brief history of one of these nests condensed from Mr. Felton's notes is as follows: The nest was only two miles north of the Square Butte Ranch, easily visible from there through powerful binoculars, and was visited almost every day. This particular nest was picturesquely situated on a rocky point of the "Chalk Cliffs" north-east of the geologically famous "Square Butte," which, despite its modest name, is an immense rock constituting



W. R. Felton.

TIRED OF THEIR NEST.

Copyright.



an isolated spur of the Highwood Mountains, 2,600ft. above the prairie. In reality the so-called "Chalk Cliffs" consist of an outcrop of white sandstone, chiefly in the centre of a range of grass-covered hills whose green summits rise in strong contrast above the white corrugated rocks. This sandstone stratum has been worn into a series of perpendicular cliffs, pure white above, but stained light brown below by lignitic matter,

and projecting spurs are carved into fantastic pinnacles and mounds. One promontory in particular is a regular saw-tooth ridge. The nest here shown is poised upon the apex of a pillar which terminates a knife-blade projection 3.575ft. high, and suggests in some photographs the prow of a ship. As there is a sheer vertical descent on three sides, and the surface of the connecting ridge suddenly breaks off, leaving a wide fissure in the rock between it and the nest, it is a task of no small difficulty to reach the latter and one best suited to a sailor or a cat. It can only be accomplished by approaching the eyrie from above, and then crawling along the ledge, when, by dropping into and crossing the gap (which is well shown in the photograph), the nest can



W. R. Felton.

THE NESTLINGS CROUCHED LOW.

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nest which measured "six feet in diameter and nine feet high.") The hawks carried green alfalfa to the nest for decorative purposes, and Mr. Felton noticed a fresh supply there on three separate occasions. When found

be attained. Mr. Felton, making light of the danger, climbed frequently to the nest, and made numerous exposures with a small Kodak at the range of a few feet. The nest was 4ft. in height and 3½ft. in diameter, and was higher than any Montana eyries of the golden eagle known to me, which species has also nested in the "Chalk Cliffs."

(In his recently published "History of the Birds of Colorado," Mr. W. L. Sclater mentions (page 182) a golden eagle's



E. Cameron.

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YOUNG BIRD AFTER LEAVING THE NEST.



E. Cameron.

ON THE LOOK-OUT.

Copyright.

on May 18th the eyrie contained three newly hatched young, but only two reached maturity, as one of the nestlings disappeared on July 9th when fifty-two days old. Mr. Felton conjectured that it had been blown out of the nest by a violent thunderstorm, but the two stronger birds might have ejected their weaker brother. In any event, the outcast would soon have been picked up by some four-footed or winged marauder. The two remaining fledglings permanently left their nest on July 25th, when about nine weeks old. While watching at this nest, at two o'clock one afternoon, Mr. Felton observed a great horned owl flying along the cliff face in an easterly direction. The owl passed close to the nestlings, when one of the soaring hawks, presumably the female, was seen to stoop at and strike the interloper, which thereupon dived obliquely to the ground. The hawk made two more dashes at the sitting owl, and a short squabble ensued each time between the birds; but when Mr. Felton reached the place, the owl was nowhere

to be seen, and the hawk had returned to her nestlings. As the great horned owl is a powerful and ferocious bird, which even attacks and eats large hawks (see Fisher, "Hawks and Owls of the United States," page 175), it undoubtedly beat off its assailant without difficulty. So far as I have observed in Eastern Montana, the ferruginous rough-leg feeds chiefly upon prairie dogs and meadow mice, though not averse to snakes. In my opinion it never takes frogs. Like golden eagles, these hawks often hunt amicably in pairs, and then appear to be more courageous, attacking mammals as large as jack-rabbits. Mr. Felton made many valuable observations on the food habits of these hawks during the nesting season, and discovered the fact, new to science, that they prey upon birds as well as on mammals. Over the whole course of his observations until the young birds had flown, prairie dogs were found largely to exceed all other diet; but until the nestlings were about two weeks old, their food consisted partly of meadow

species never attempts to take poultry of any kind, and my own observations are strongly confirmed by Mr. W. P. Sullivan, for sixteen years manager of Mr. Milner's beautiful Square Butte Ranch, where these hawks have always been protected on account of the numerous gophers (*Thomomys*) which they destroy. As above narrated, several pair breed annually upon the ranch, and are constantly flying around the buildings, yet no chickens have ever been molested. Mr. Sullivan, who is a close observer of Nature, considers that, after the young can fly in the fall, these hawks subsist chiefly upon gophers, and he has described to me their methods of capturing them as follows: "I have watched the hawks often through glasses in our alfalfa field after the first crop has been taken off. The pocket gophers get pretty busy tunnelling, and pushing all the loose damp earth up in piles on the surface. The hawks fly slowly over the field until they discover a fresh pile of damp earth. Here they will alight softly, and wait for the gopher to push close to the surface. They will then spread their wings and, rising a few feet in the air, come down still-legged into the loose earth, when the gopher is transfixed and brought out. I have seen them eat the gopher where caught, and at other times carry it away."

In the summer of 1903 about an acre of ground at the Square Butte Ranch was covered with piles of building material, such as lumber, posts and heavy shed timbers, which had been collected there the previous year. Numbers of cotton-tail rabbits lived under these piles, and provided an occasional meal, both for the hawks and for the ranch cat, which was a female tabby. On a certain day Mr. Milner (owner of the ranch) happened to be engaged in conversation with Mr. Sullivan near a pile of posts, upon which the cat was basking in the sun with one eye open for a chance rabbit, as usual. A ferruginous rough-leg, with nestlings in the white cliffs, was gyrating low over the buildings, but neither the gentlemen nor the cat took particular notice of this familiar sight. Both men were, however, suddenly startled by a loud whirring noise, when to their intense surprise they saw that the hawk had lifted the now-bewildered and struggling cat from her couch on the posts and was slowly bearing her aloft. It seemed at first to the astonished spectators as though the hawk would actually succeed in disposing of this troublesome quarry, since it continued to rise easily with its burden to a height of about twenty-five feet. By this time, however, the fully-aroused victim was stirred to a desperate effort, and it became clear that the audacious hawk had "bitten off more than it could chew." In Mr. Sullivan's words, the tabby "twisted round, gave a terrible splutter and scream, and clawed the hawk with a vengeance." The latter, flapping wildly, at once relaxed its grip, while pussy,

nothing loth, withdrew her claws, fell to the ground and dashed under the posts. Numerous downy feathers floating gently to the ground convinced the onlookers that the chagrined hawk had none the best of the encounter. Temporarily tired of cats, it now soared to a great height, and returned with empty talons to the "chalk cliffs." The cat in question was a very small one, and Montana cats are notably thin in summer; but, allowing for these facts, the victim must have weighed 6lb. at least. Nevertheless, Mr. Sullivan feels sure that had the cat behaved like the rabbit for which she was mistaken, the hawk would successfully have conveyed the quarry to its eyrie in the rocks. As the nest was two miles distant this would seem an extraordinary feat, and presumably transcend any hitherto published records of the kind. I quite admit that under favourable conditions of wind the female hawk might transport a 5lb. or 6lb. jack-rabbit to the eyrie; but that any cat-lifting hawk should ever surpass what this



W. R. Felton.

WATCHING THE PLAIN.

Copyright.

larks (*Sturnella neglecta*). While very little food was found in the nest, taking into consideration the frequent visits paid to it, there were seen altogether nine prairie dogs, one cotton-tail rabbit, two bull snakes (one 31in. long) and some remains of sharp-tailed grouse and meadowlarks. On two separate occasions, while Mr. Felton kept watch near the eyrie, the wary female frequently passed and repassed overhead with a meadowlark in her talons, as subsequently identified. The bill of fare at all four eyries was similar, and meadowlarks, as demonstrated by their down and feathers, were provided for the nestlings. The following interesting collection of remnants was seen at one nest: Four prairie dog skulls, the skeletons of two bull snakes (one of them being very large), the leg of a sharp-tailed grouse, the wing and scapulars of a magpie and the primaries of a meadowlark. Grouse and magpie remains were not found until July 17th and 21st, and were proved by the feathers to belong to young birds. To the best of my knowledge, this



one achieved seems to me improbable. The dexterous application of the cat's raking claws would not fail to prevent it as in the above remarkable instance. Where a rabbit succumbs to the shock and the hawk's constricting grip, the agile and wiry feline, on the other hand, is stimulated to offer a desperate resistance,

and, like Mr. Sullivan's *protégé*, is little the worse for the encounter. It cannot be told whether the hawk was mistrustful of rabbits after this event, but the cat became so suspicious of a flying object that she would race for the wood pile if Mr. Sullivan threw his hat into the air. E. S. CAMERON.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

OF the poems that occur in novels as mottoes, chapter headings or interludes, much could be said. Perhaps the retort of the cynic would be the sneer that the prose is often cunningly arranged for the purpose of working off the poetry. Such things may have occurred in the history of book-making; but we are more disposed to linger over the picture of Sir Walter Scott and his faithful secretary wasting so much time in the search for suitable chapter headings that the irate novelist vowed that he could make them more quickly. And in a trice the thought became parent of the act. Whenever Scott was in need of a suitable quotation and taxed his memory in vain, he fell back on his imagination and invented one, and put the beguiling phrase "Old Play" to it. To this practice we owe some of his very best verses—even the famous quatrain:

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

It would be easy to form a very plausible theory as to the reason why a novelist often excels himself in such very occasional verses. It might be assumed that he is so full of the fantastic nothings on which his imagination works that a poetic inspiration needs no seeking for. But, before theorising, one would like to know exactly if, for example, Sir Walter Scott wrote "The herring loves the merry moonlight, the mackerel loves the wind" or "The Red Harlaw" at the time when he was composing "The Antiquary," or if it was a trifle in a pigeon-hole. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has followed the fine tradition of Scott and mingled poetry very freely with his prose works, so freely that he has been able to make a full-sized volume of his *Songs from Books* (Macmillan). In this way he has prepared for us a remarkable miscellanea of verse which substantiates an old theory that novelists' poetry is the most humanly interesting. It may not always be polished, but examples leap to the mind of novelists who have written "above themselves" when making verse for a tale. Sir Walter Besant did not often cultivate the lyric muse, and yet how fine is the song he introduces in "Dorothy Forster":

Like apple-blossom, white and red;  
Like hues of dawn, which fly too soon;  
Like bloom of peach, so softly spread;  
Like thorn of May and rose of June—  
Oh, sweet! oh, fair! beyond compare,  
Are Daphne's cheeks,  
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.

Mr. Rider Haggard does not often wear singing robes, but into "She" and one or two other of his novels he put verse of a very striking quality; and the Egyptian story which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Andrew Lang would be memorable, if for nothing else, for the latter's

Tears for my lady dead,  
Salt tears and strange, she shed.

In turning over the leaves and reading the familiar lines which Mr. Kipling has put together, we catch ourselves wondering which, after all, is the type of poetry in which he excels most. There is a very stately muse to whom he turns often, she who inspired "Lest we forget, lest we forget," but although he owes to her his finest work, it must be admitted that some of the sacrifices he places on her altar are not up to the same high level. We remember reading with pleasure when it came out "The Hymn to Mithras," but in the volume it seems to have lost some of the stateliness which it possessed as long as the atmosphere of the Roman Wall was round it. We did not feel at the time that the worship of Mithras was a cover for the orgies on the wall, and therefore missed the something that is wrong in such an invocation as this:

Mithras, God of the Sunset, low on the Western main—  
Thou descending immortal, immortal to rise again!  
Now when the watch is ended, now when the wine is drawn,  
Mithras, also a soldier, keep us pure till the dawn!

On the other hand, the delightful "Smuggler's Song" from the same volume loses nothing by being separated from the original context. But then it was written for children, and Mr. Kipling is always at his best when he is thinking of the

nursery. This song came immediately into such favour that it is almost unnecessary to quote the first verse of it:

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,  
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street.  
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie,  
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!  
Five and twenty ponies,  
Trotting through the dark—  
Brandy for the Parson,  
'Baccy for the Clerk;  
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,  
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Singing to the children Mr. Kipling is excellent; but when he makes the children sing he is not so happy. "The Children's Song" on page 143 is an impossible one. "The Return of the Children" shows to perfection Mr. Kipling's fine vein of tenderness:

Holding hands forlornly the Children wandered beneath the Dome,  
Plucking the splendid robes of the passers-by, and with pitiful faces  
Begging what Princes and Powers refused:—"Ah, please will you let us go home?"

And the last verse, simple as it is, comes straight from the heart of a close observer of children:

So through the Void the Children ran homeward merrily hand in hand,  
Looking neither to left nor right where the breathless Heavens stood still.

But it is not the human child alone that calls forth this very fine characteristic. There are not many things better in its way than the song of the baby seal. The most beautiful piece of verse in the volume applies to a strange type of humanity, exactly the same understanding that in the seal's lullaby is applied to the animal. It is "The Love Song of Har Dyal."

Alone upon the housetops to the North  
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky—  
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.  
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

Below my feet the still bazar is laid—  
Far, far below the weary camels lie—  
The camels and the captives of thy raid.  
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,  
And drudge of all my father's house am I—  
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears.  
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

It has been sometimes asserted that Mr. Kipling understands the Anglo-Indian better than the Indian, but this particular piece goes far to disprove the assertion. It is, indeed, a very fine interpretation of a bitter phase of Indian life.

### THE SMALL OWNER.

**The Occupying Ownership of Land**, by Bevil Tollemache. (John Murray.) MR. TOLLEMACHE has written an interesting book, but its value is lessened by the fact that he takes narrow views. He does not see that the key of the present agricultural situation in England lies in the great depression which lasted for more than a quarter of a century, beginning in 1879, and that this depression was due to an accident in the world's history that had no precedent in the past and is not likely to be repeated in the future. Indeed, it is impossible. The two factors that produced it were the bringing into cultivation of vast extents of virgin land and the improvement of ocean transit. It is impossible to set any bounds to the improvement of ships; but in regard to the virgin soil we begin now to see an end to it. The world is surveyed and marked out and, moreover, the rapidity with which population increases now surpasses the rapidity with which the production is extended. Mr. Tollemache, in his chapter on importation, adduces many figures, but they are useless because he takes no notice of the fact that of the supplying countries many are now approaching a time when they can consume all they grow at home. Among his figures it would have been instructive to have placed the exportation of the United States in 1885 and to-day. And this is but an example of the increased wheat consumption that is going on all over the world. These facts are most essential to any fruitful study of the question, and certainly ought not to have been omitted from this dissertation. On some other points Mr. Tollemache merely echoes the less accurate newspapers. Thus he is disposed to exaggerate what has been called "the break-up of great estates"; but great estates are not really being broken up to any appreciable extent. What has happened is that land-owners have sold the outlying portions of their estates and the policy enunciated many years ago of consolidating estates has been very widely acted upon. There is very little tendency for the really historic estates to be broken up; not more tendency than there has always been, since the history of nearly every great house and estate very often contains a record of sale and conveyance; but his statement that estates are therefore being thrown into the market wholesale is exaggerated, to say the least of it. Again, in giving a brief exposition of the

history of small ownership, he says small freeholders "were never very numerous and the disappearance of the few who did exist was inevitable." The contrary to this is the case. Small freeholds existed to an enormous extent all over the country and did not disappear until towards the middle of the nineteenth century. These errors and omissions vitiate the author's argument and, indeed, he suffers from some confusion of thought when first he defines the landowner's duty as that of "holding as his property the foundation of the whole industry, the land and necessary buildings." A great part of his argument is that the necessary buildings do not exist. The gist of his own suggestions is contained in the third heading of the following paragraph: "The situation in this country seemingly resolves itself down to three possible solutions. (1) A gradual amendment of the present law of tenure, which would ultimately create a form of dual-ownership. We have endeavoured to show that in practice this system is altogether unpracticable. (2) Land Nationalisation. It is unnecessary to dwell on this suggestion as a solution to the present problems. However strong the arguments urged by the advocates of State ownership of land, the whole hypothesis is too revolutionary and dangerous at the present time to call for any serious attention. (3) State intervention: the State advancing to the tenant the purchase money to buy his holding—the loan to be

repaid over a period of years, interest being charged at the cheapest rate at which the State can afford to lend." He expands it thus: "The sameness and practicability of this scheme as a solution to the present situation cannot be too strongly urged. There is no revolutionary upheaval. Tenants at the present time are satisfied with their landlords and are not clamouring to buy as is suggested in some quarters. In the event of their landlord selling, however, they have no alternative but to purchase their holdings or to find another farm; and in nearly all cases the former course is preferable. With a legislative measure as foreshadowed above they can continue farming under the old system with perfect equanimity—knowing that if it becomes necessary to acquire their freeholds the money can be found without resorting to their working capital." Our main difficulty about it is that the scheme does not differentiate between the fit and the unfit, the bad tenant and the good tenant. There are farmers to whom the State or any other body could lend money with every confidence. There are others, who are not to be called altogether incompetent, who could not be trusted to carry out this payment for such a long period of years, and the State would invariably lose by them. Of the bad tenant more than anyone else is the line of the poet true: "The evil that men do lives after them."

## ON GOSWICK SANDS.

L YING adjacent to the sands over which one crosses to Lindisfarne—and indeed a part of them are the sands of Goswick—the picture is easy to make in the imagination—a low and level waste of wet sand with little ridges in it such as the tide always leaves behind and a kind of stipple-work made by the excavations of the lugworm, a wash of little waves far off on the edge,

a wreck held fast in the grip of those tiny morsels of sand which separately count as nothing, but when acting in union bury and create.

You see them in the act of engulfing what was once a good ship, and close to the cultivated land arise the dunes which the wind has fashioned, blowing the particles in a stinging shower on dry summer days and heaping them up till the tussock and other wild weeds began to hold them compactly together. Far away to the southwards the hills look down on the sea and are themselves a wall to the horizon.

Goswick and Cheswick were fair game for the Scotch forayers in the old raiding days, and the houses belonging to them were frequently emptied of gear and the harvest fields devastated. In those old days no mention is made of fishermen, and it is doubtful if the craft was carried on there before the days of Sir William Crossman, although in the eighteenth century the coast was haunted by great shoals of salmon. In an account which has been preserved of the produce of the fishery of Sandstell, near the mouth of the Tweed, we get some evidence of the enormous quantity of salmon that must have worked their way along the edge of the coast to the mouth of the river. The accounts were kept by the family of Waite and published in 1831 by William Waite. The accounts begin in 1736 and are carried on to 1818. The best years are those beginning in 1760, which has this N.B.: "Believed the most plentiful season ever known in the Tweed, a great quantity of salmon sold at ninepence, eightpence, and one day at fourpence per stone. One flood on a Monday supposed to produce 10,000 salmon. N.B.—In all these years very few trouts." But the account-keeper had to note on the very next year a new record. It is described as the greatest year that ever was at Sandstell, no fewer than 17,484 salmon being taken, and 13,000 trouts. No account was kept of the gilses. Please note the spelling, the "r" is of modern interpolation.

In 1772 a note is made which throws light on the occupations very generally pursued in that quarter of the world. "About this period, the hole in the Meadow Haven began to increase and lowering the beacon rocks for smugglers' ballast—both certainly injurious to the Tweed, but Sandstell particularly." Ten years later, in 1782, occurred two most remarkable floods in May, and for a long time after that the salmon did not seem to come so regularly. But in 1792 the fishery recovered. Sandstell is several miles from Goswick, but undoubtedly the salmon worked their way along the coast towards the river mouth, and those that are taken at Goswick are making for the Tweed. It is much the same on the Northern part of the coast. Regular net-fishing is carried on in the sea north of the pier, and it is by no means unusual for the deep-sea fishermen who work from the Greenses Harbour to take salmon out at sea. To return for a moment to the antique character of the people. Those men who are engaged in salmon fishing have at all times been a rude and lawless people. Smuggling was not the worst of their habits; in the sixteenth century they were inveterate wreckers. Probably



A SALMON FISHER.

at that time there was a population on the mainland running forward from Scremerston to Cheswick and Goswick, even as far as Bamburgh, of people who draw part of their livelihood from the land and part from the sea. In the sixteenth century The Bonaventure, a ship belonging to Archibald Graham and the Scottish merchants, was driven on the rocks at Sotterburn Mouth; among other receivers of spoil were the townships of Goswycke and Cheswycke, who each received £40. In very recent years many of those salmon fishers, as soon as close time was declared, used to become the most determined poachers, and many are the battles that have been fought between them and the legal guardians of the salmon. On these occasions the women used to figure prominently, and were equally adept at throwing stones and using bad language. But to-day most of this kind of thing has faded away with the progress of civilisation, and the drift-net fisherman now closely resembles his brother of the seine net. He mends his nets and gathers his fish while the season lasts, and when it is closed takes himself to some other vocation. He used to get hold of a ferry-boat or work as an ordinary labourer, for in the course of a varied life he had become, if nothing else, a very handy man. To-day he devotes the energy which he used to give to roaching to working the lifeboat, when he has an opportunity of earning something by salvage, and, if other things have changed, the dangerous sea is the same as it was in the beginning. Looking at the coast, one's mind is naturally carried back to the time of King Charles I., who, with an army, camped here on May 25th, 1639, previous to his abortive Scottish campaign. "He lay in a little house belonging to the widow of Sir Robert Hamilton. The camp was pitched near the sea shore, upon a plain heath ground most part of it, and of a spongy turf which would have been very discommodious to the souldiers had they continued there in rainy weather." Under their vacillating leader, however, they did not stay long anywhere. But one would like to recall, if possible,



CLEANING THE NETS AT LOW TIDE.

the sight that must have presented itself to the traveller of those days. There is no old castle or very old house in the neighbourhood. The Scots took care that none survived. Their constant raidings kept the countrymen very poor, and cottages were put together of mud and plaster that would have been flimsy if they had not been made so thick. An old traveller says that the usual roofing of these cottages was not even thatch, but sods of earth laid flat. Indeed, some cottages of this kind survived till comparatively late in the nineteenth century. They had scarcely any walls to speak of, the back one being not more than two or three feet above the ground and the front one perhaps six feet. The doorways were not high enough to admit a man of middle height unless he bowed his head. The windows were very small and the hearths very large. Fuel, at any rate, did not need to be economised, as not only



THE STAKE NETS.





MENDING A NET.

were the coal pits near, but the sea continually heaved up driftwood from the ships that had been engulfed. Some of the cottages to-day are not beautiful; but those who find fault with them usually know very little of the hard conditions that prevailed on the English Border up to within a very recent period. Not that on the sands cottages obtrude themselves. There are one or two set back among the dunes; but the eye rests not on them, but on the wide expanse of sand, with its fringe of white wavelets breaking gently on the shore, the dark rocks of

basalt that at low tide thrust themselves up out of the water, and at high tide show their position only by the waves that curl and break over their tops. A wreck is always to be seen, and, when the circumstances under which it was lost are forgotten, it becomes a beautiful and picturesque addition to the landscape. Wind and water have cleared away all that was superfluous, and only bare ribs or a broken hull and mast stand as a monument of man's daring and Nature's strength.

## ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### TIMING AND RHYTHM.

WHEN a long driver is asked how he gets his length, his answer is sure to contain some reference to "timing." The question arising out of that answer has never elicited a satisfactory reply. Nor will any genius ever define exactly what is meant by timing a drive at golf. No genius is required to say that the length of a ball's flight is determined by the velocity at which the club-head is travelling at the moment of impact; and everyone knows that the velocity is greatest when the various muscles employed in making the stroke are each and all allowed the exact time, and no more than the exact time, which they require for their work. Timing is, in fact, the doing of each action in a fluent series precisely at the time which ensures the most effective performance of them, just as an archdeacon is a person who discharges archidiaconal functions. It is possible for the uninstructed layman to discover what archidiaconal functions are, because they are the same in kind for every archdeacon. But the timing of one golfer differs essentially from that of every other. To prove this we may call in the aid of instantaneous photography, which can show how both stiff and supple wrists work. The wrists, it is admitted, play a most important part in the acceleration of the club-head during the fraction of a second which precedes the supreme moment of impact. This they do by reversing the turn which commenced the backward movement of the club in its upswing. A stiff pair must of necessity begin this reversal earlier than a supple pair. None, save the owner of given joints, knows the degree of

flexibility which they possess, and even he acquires his knowledge by feeling rather than by any intellectual process. We feel when we have timed a golfing shot perfectly, but we do not know precisely how and why our motions have conformed to, or varied from, the normal. It is not the purpose of this article to achieve the impossible by establishing a definition of timing which shall be of universal application. The writer of it desires to suggest to others a means, which he has himself found useful, of avoiding the disasters consequent upon mistiming.

The golf swing has been platitudinously described above as a fluent series of actions undertaken successively by different parts of the body. These actions, when correctly performed, blend into one another so smoothly and rapidly that no eye can detect where one ends and another begins. But in order that the best results may be obtained, each of them must be stressed or marked with an emphasis proportionate to its own importance and to that of its fellows in the scheme of the stroke. To put it in a single word, the swing must be rhythmical. Every one who can distinguish between "God Save the King" and other tunes by its effect on his own ear, and not on the ears of other auditors, knows the meaning of rhythm sufficiently well for the present purpose. The appeal of the golfer, whose timing is faulty—*experto crede*—is to music, and especially to waltz music. This is a fortunate circumstance, for the rhythm of the common waltz is heavily marked by the biggest of all stringed instruments. The dancing man, whose sense of hearing lacks delicacy, finds salvation for his own and his partner's

toes—*iterum experto crede*—in the voomp, v'mp, v'mp of the insistent double bass. So the golfer may drive further and surer by hitting in waltz time. Two bars are required for the completion of a full shot. Voomp—the club leaves the ball on its backward journey; v'mp, v'mp—and the upswing is completed; voomp—simultaneously comes the crash of wood upon gutta-percha; v'mp, v'mp—the follow-through merges into finish, and the striker may look up to see the ball sailing away in the distance.

The ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes,  
But right or left, as wills the player, goes  
And he, who smote it far adown the field,  
He knows about it all—he knows—he knows.

For reasons too numerous to mention, the Eton boating song may be commended to golfers as the tune most likely to introduce rhythm into their hitting. The first three bars are here transcribed:



the golfer humming as he hits must make the first bar—"Jolly"—coincide with the finish of his waggle. He may at first find a slight difficulty in harmonising the placing of his club behind the ball and its subsequent uplift with the second bar. It will be of some assistance if he will make the word "boating" into a trisyllable by duplicating the vowel of its termination. But it should be easy to bring the club down so that impact synchronises with the first beat of the third bar. However, none must expect to establish absolute and complete harmony at the very first attempt. A little practice is required, if only for the reason that the speed of a metronome, used to test the time-keeping of different players, must be regulated differently for each, since each has a naturally differing pace of swing. But good players, almost without exception, make their backswing take twice as long as the return of the club. When they disturb this relation between the two halves of the stroke, they either heave with the body or snarl with the wrists, or else they are too slow back, and the hand disappoints the eye by presenting the club to the ball later than was expected. In this case the eye looks up, and balance is lost just when it is most needed.

#### GIRL CADDIES.

AS a vocation for boys, caddying has one defect. It is a "blind-alley" occupation. That state of affairs is generally admitted, and a hint that, sooner or later, boys may be delivered from the evil, whether they like it or dislike it, is provided by the photograph published herewith of the girl caddies at Cruden Bay. Every year sees more and more representatives of British girlhood adjourning to the links for the purpose of contributing to the family exchequer by means more congenial than employment in a factory. Excellent, too, as club-bearers are the majority of these maids. They exhibit much of that strange quality which is known as woman's intuition (at any rate, they are remarkably discerning in their selection of the right club for the employer), and their attentiveness is equalled by few boys. They are not often seen around London or in the South generally, but they are frequently met in the North, in Scotland and in Wales, and right well do they perform their duties. Most of the caddies at the ladies' championship at St. Anne's-on-Sea last June were girls, and their keenness about the play was hardly surpassed by that of the players themselves. When Miss V. Pooley beat the holder, Miss G. Ravenscroft, the sight of the former's caddie, marching gravely down a long line of sister and brother caddies, receiving a handshake and hearty congratulations from each, was such as to make the most practical person pause and watch unsophisticated young humanity in one of its profoundly solemn moods.

R. E. H.

#### AMERICAN NOTES

Since writing from Garden City I have had the pleasure of playing for three or four days over the wonderful National golf links that Mr. C. B. Macdonald has made out of a wilderness of huckleberry bushes on the shores of Pecovie Bay, and I should like, very humbly and respectfully, to express my profound admiration for this great "architect." It is intensely difficult, and perhaps foolish into the bargain, to make comparisons between courses, but I feel tolerably sure of one thing, that not even Prince's at Sandwich, nor Westward Ho! nor Hoylake in a big wind is more desperately difficult than is the National. The difficulty is at present enhanced by the lies being still a little rough and new; but putting

that matter altogether on one side, the intense accuracy demanded in approaching the green and the condign punishment that awaits the least semblance of an error are not, I am certain, to be surpassed on any course in the world. When we add to this the extraordinary variety of interest in the holes and, if such weakness be permissible, the loveliness of the views, both of water and of woods, any exuberance of enthusiasm may well be pardoned. We in England have heard chiefly, perhaps, of the holes at the National that have been copied from famous holes at home, but good as these copies are, I think that the very best holes on the National links owe nothing whatever to imitation, but are perfectly spontaneous and original, representing the best possible adaptation of the natural advantages of fine golfing country.

#### SOME GREAT "BLIND" HOLES.

One thing struck me particularly, and that is that we have become too fiercely prejudiced against blind shots. Mr. Macdonald has designed two or three blind holes, which are yet so exciting and demand such good play that it would be pedantic and affected not to admit their splendour. One of these is the third, which is in some measure an imitation of the celebrated seventeenth at Prestwick—the Alps. If we hit a perfect tee shot the second is no more than a good iron shot over the top of a big hill on to a green ringed round with bunkers. Even so, there is a genuine thrill of satisfaction in planting the ball upon the green, but this thrill is increased a hundredfold if there be any adverse wind or the tee shot is not one of our very best; then the second must be hit with a wooden club, the ball must rise quickly into the air, it must stay there a long while and it must go perfectly straight. Remembering that shot, I shall always be very careful in future as to what I say against blind shots. There is another hole, the sixteenth, which combines what I have always believed to be two blemishes—a more or less blind second shot and a punch-bowl green. Yet this particular hole has some splendid and mysterious qualities that make us think it a very fine one, nevertheless. Against a stiff wind, as I played it one day, no one alive can afford to despise it. The National is not at all a blind course, but I mention these two holes in particular as showing that the architect has exhibited a peculiarly catholic taste and has been amply justified.

#### PUTTING EXTRAORDINARY.

In the invitation tournament at the National links there was rather an entertaining incident in regard to one of the holes. Some wicked practical joker privily removed one of the marks carefully placed by the Green Committee



CADDIE GIRLS AT CRUDEN BAY.

to designate the spot for the cutting of a new hole. The result was that the hole was cut on the crest of a hog's back ridge where no power on earth could make the ball remain. One competitor by an outrageous fluke holed a vast putt at the first attempt and got his four. As to the others, they holed out in figures between fourteen and eighteen. One very good player was left with a three-foot putt and three for the hole, yet it was only by unexampled good fortune that he ultimately halved the hole. Each couple, waiting interminable ages for the pair in front to hole out, deemed that raving lunacy had overtaken their predecessors, only to find out the truth when they in turn came to the ordeal of putting. The farce was not played out to the end, or many players would have been putting still; a new hole was cut and golf went on under normal conditions. While it lasted, however, that fifth hole teemed with quiet fun, and will not easily be forgotten.

#### A VETERAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

It would be hard to find a better example of the American's enthusiasm for golf than is afforded by a tournament held annually at Apawamis, the course where Mr. Hilton beat Mr. Herreshof in that most dramatic final of the championship two years ago. This is a veteran's tournament, a veteran being defined as one over fifty-five years of age. This tournament yearly attracts an entry of between two and three hundred players, some of whom come all the way from California to compete. There are judges and senators and all sorts of distinguished persons—distinguished, that is, in non-golfing walks of life—and this gigantic field of heroic old gentlemen go slowly round the course at the rate of a round a day for thirty-six holes of medal play. I heard one veteran say that it was calculated, for starting purposes, that eight minutes were required by each couple for the playing of the first hole, but I think he must have been an impudent whipper-snapper of barely fifty-six.

B. D.



# CORRESPONDENCE.

## COTTAGES AND MILK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following plain statement of facts may help to supplement your comments on the rural milk supply in last week's number. For obvious reasons I do not wish to publish names, either of persons or places, but I enclose my card and will gladly supply you with means of testing anything I say. My investigation had nothing whatever to do with any public question—it was conducted merely for the purpose of securing a domestic supply of milk in an agricultural neighbourhood within twenty-five miles of London. A couple of villages, one situated two and the other nearly three miles from the house, were ransacked. The inhabitants included several dairy-farmers, but they were of no avail. They could do no more than fulfil their contract. Next, a round of the farms was made. Farmer A. lives close at hand and keeps about half-a-dozen milch cows. He explained most civilly that he held a sub-contract under which he was bound to supply a larger contractor with a fixed quantity of milk. It was all he could do in the winter. "Why do you not keep more cows?" I asked. He replied he would like to, but could not get milkers. "You see, sir, it is this way. I have only two cottages on the farm, and employ seven labourers. Five of them have to walk between three and four miles to work, and I could never expect to get them in time enough to milk. The two I have take it turn and turn about, but grumble at being tied on Sundays." Farmer B. of an adjoining holding explained that he did not keep cows now. His men all live at a distance, and it was bad enough to get them to mind the horses; cows they would not "stick" at any price. Farmer C., a little further off, had cottages and hands, but had just renewed the contract, which expired on September 23rd, and had not a pint to spare. Farmer D. could not take contracts because his hands lived too far away, but kept two cows, one only in profit, and as a favour would sell an occasional pint, but really more people wanted milk than he could deal with. Additional enquiry showed that most of the households had been forced to fall back on condensed milks, the well-off with good brands and the poor with the reverse. For myself I was able to solve the problem by purchasing a cow in milk and the prospect of getting another later on, and luckily I have feed for them. But what about the others? It was a revelation to me to see it demonstrated how the milk problem and the housing problem are interdependent. Like the Needy Knife-grinder, "I never like to meddle with politics, sir," but it may interest those of a different inclination to see this practical illustration of the fact that the scarcity of cottages on the estates or farms causes a dearth of milk among the poor. It is a deplorable fact for the children, who, in the absence of their most suitable food, are ill-nourished. —RUSTICUS.

## RE VANDALISM AND EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I read with disgust the account of the way Emmanuel College manages its Upminster property. I consider the college officials have been guilty of bad taste, want of consideration to others and selfishness. I have sent the photographs of the new and old houses, with an account of the transactions, to the Cambridge local paper. I hope it will take the matter up. It may please your correspondent to hear of this. I am an old Cambridge man, but I have never been within fifty miles of Upminster. However, I cannot help feeling disgusted at this kind of atrocious vandalism.—J. W.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Every lover of our picturesque countryside will feel deeply grateful to Mr. Robert Halls for calling attention to the atrocious act of vandalism committed near Upminster Common. Alas! this is one only of the many crimes of this sort that are taking place almost daily, and in all parts of the country. I can give many instances of this suicidal policy that would be almost unbelievable were they not so painfully apparent. If we once allow the picturesque charm of our old-world villages and hamlets to be destroyed, one of the most valuable assets of our dear old country is gone for ever. As Lord Curzon of Kedleston very truly remarked in a notable speech delivered only a few months ago: "The whole civilised travelling world was interested in the preservation of the beauty spots of England. Every year more and more the travelling public of the world was being drawn to England. Those people did not come here for the pleasure of being seasick on the Channel; they did not come to see the white cliffs of Kent; he was certain they did not come merely to attend the theatres and music-halls of London or to lose their money on the Derby or for some other conventional entertainment. They were drawn here to see the beautiful old-time villages, to note the mediaeval mansions, to see the little village churches with their sacred tale of bygone days and romance, and above all to see the beautiful, unequalled scenery of England. They must not sacrifice a possession so priceless to them as a people and a nation."—ARTHUR TROWER.

## A FOX'S STRANGE REFUGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having lived for many years in the Duke of Beaufort's country, I was much interested in reading the account in last week's COUNTRY LIFE of the hunted fox which took refuge in a tree. There was a curious refuge selected in the same neighbourhood by a hunted fox some ten years since, the account of which may be of interest also to others, and is here given. The fox had broken cover from Silkwood, and, close pressed, made for a village. There, in the "old Doctor's" yard, it ran up the steps of the hay-loft on to the lean-to roof of the kitchen, and so on to the higher roof of the house. Here it would have been at bay, as there was no lean-to or steps on the other side by which it could escape; but, quick as thought, it was seen to jump down one of the chimneys. Doors and windows were quickly shut, and in the various rooms his exit was watched for, but none took place, and an examination of all chimneys from inside showed all to be empty. The village builder climbed up on to the roof to examine the chimneys from the outside, and at this point of vantage he could see the eyes of the fox glaring from below on the ground floor. A search inside proved that there was no chimney in that place, only an old butress in the hall. The builder said that he believed it was an old chimney, built up and obsolete, and he could soon tell by sounding. A hollow was discovered, and a crowbar soon made an opening, when out jumped the fox, which was soon snapped up by hounds waiting outside.—M. R.

## THE PROPOSED ROAD OVER STY HEAD PASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may be of use to you, in view of the wide interest taken in the proposal to make a road over Sty Head Pass. It gives a glimpse of the fairly level section not far from the top (one thousand six hundred feet), and looking towards Borrowdale. The track is on the right of the stream, which, some distance further along, at Taylor Gill Force, tumbles heading down a ravine into the dale near Seathwaite. To those who know and love this solitude, a carriage road over the pass is unthinkable.—J. MITCHELSON.



STY HEAD PASS, AN UNSPOILT AND LOVELY SOLITUDE.

## AT A BALCONY DOOR.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Along the south front of my bungalow, which stands by itself in the green heart of the hills, a quarter of a mile from any other human habitation, there runs a long glass-covered balcony, whose warmth and shelter attract many insects. Thus the vine that fringes the low eaves and the fig tree that drapes the wall make happy hunting-ground for tits and willow-warblers and chiff-chaffs, and, at times, even for gold-crests. Just now the most frequent visitors are wrens, whose dainty little brown figures are strangely suggestive of mice, as they steal in and out among the already yellowing leaves. Nor are birds

the only insect-hunters. On summer evenings bats often flutter up and down the balcony, finding, no doubt, abundance of flies among the rafters, and sometimes passing in through the ever open door into the living-room within. In the autumn, as the days draw in and the lamps are lighted, the uncurtained windows attract many moths—common species for the most part, yet now and then with a rarer and more beautiful variety among them, a small elephant-hawk, for example, like a delicate rose-tinted orchid. Some of them, too, have eyes of rare beauty that gleam like fairy rubies or emeralds in the lamplight. A few nights ago, shortly before ten o'clock, the weather being warm and wet, and therefore, as Wallace found when he was insect-hunting in Sarawak, specially attractive to moths, as I sat watching the little grey shapes that swarmed against the great glass sheet of the balcony door, I was surprised to see a strange-looking figure, which at the first glance I took for a large hawk-moth, suddenly appear out of the darkness, sail up within a foot or so, and then vanish again. A minute later it came back, this time close to the glass; and this time as it sailed away again one of the moths went too, not flying away, but simply vanishing. As I watched, the same thing happened again and again at intervals of a minute or two. Then I became aware that the strange shapes were bats. Their wings were quite invisible from where I sat. All I could see was a series of grey figures sailing out of the dark, like so many fish swimming up to the side of a great aquarium, apparently never touching the glass, but judging the distance exactly, and each time picking off a moth, whose disappearance was quite suggestive of a conjuring trick. It was a most weird experience. As I looked, these strange, silent, ghostly visitors seemed to be not bats at all, but little grey goblins suddenly appearing and then vanishing again. Some twenty times this happened. Twenty times a bat—not always the same species; there were two quite different sizes—appeared out of the dark for a moment and disappeared again; and each time that one came close to the door a moth was snatched from the glass, so quickly and deftly that I could never see how the thing was done. Another curious point was that the other moths never took the alarm, but seemed to await their



doom with complete indifference. Next morning I found the floor, in a dark corner at the end of the balcony, strewn with the wings of moths, wings of the silver Y chiefly, but with a few remains of other kinds, such perhaps as swift or burnished brass. Every night since then I have looked for a repetition of this most strange and fascinating performance. But the weather has been colder and rougher, and so far neither moths nor moth-snatchers have appeared again.—F. A. K.

#### "CHICKEN" AS A PLURAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Dr. Joseph Wright, in the "English Dialect Dictionary," says that in West Somerset "chickens" is never used. The plural of "chick" is always "chicken" there, just as it is in Mid-Sussex. From a Somerset newspaper, November, 1895, he quotes the words "sixteen hens and seven chicken." So Mr. Walter Raymond of Yeovil, in his book, "Misterton's Mistake," says: "She was as proud as a hen with chicken." And Dr. Wright gives as a typical Kentish sentence: "All the chicken will be drowned." But in East Sussex, on the contrary, "chick" is strangely used as the plural of the singular "chicken." Sir James Murray, in the "New Oxford English Dictionary," shows that the plural "chicken" was once standard English. His illustrative sentences are: Heywood (1600): "Our children haue beene like chicken"; Hale (1677), "Chicken and other fowl"; Crabbe (1807), "Pigs and chicken quarrel for a meal"; Southey (1829), "The chicken were her delight." In Sussex the children say: "Snag, snag, put out your horn, and I will give you a barleycorn." In Kent the word is also pronounced "snaig" or "sneg." In the East of the county it is applied to all common garden snails, but especially the *Helix aspera*. In the West it denotes a slug. Snails are there called shell-snags.—E. HAMPDEN-COOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The word "chicken," used as the plural instead of "chickens," is of such ordinary use in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire that it is quite the accepted term; in fact, there is on record an old inn called "The Hen and Chicken," which would certainly not mean a hen and one chick, but many. "Going out to feed the ducks and chicken" would be quite the universal language of any but the well educated on the Cotswolds. In the same locality some old Saxon plurals still linger. Old villagers would invariably speak of the "housen," not "houses," and "rosen," not "roses"; also, in connection with the latter, "primrosen," instead of "primroses," only, to be more correct as to their rendering, it is "pimrosen," omitting the first "r." The word "wench," almost unheard now elsewhere, still holds its own there, and is used, as "my little wench," by a "grandfer" now and again, or, if more than one, "the little wenchen."—MARTLET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Horace Hutchinson's letter on the above subject, I have heard "chicken" used in the plural in the North of Ireland, and wondered how what I thought was an Anglo-Saxon plural form had survived there. Ulster folk have a curious way of talking of "fowl," too, instead of "fowls." One keeps "fowl." "Snags" is new to me.—M.

#### THE WISH-BONE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Twenty-five years ago I saw in a poultry-paper that all the poultry supplied for Queen Victoria's table had the wish-bone removed, as it made the carving of the breast so much easier. I am the rearer of a large quantity of table-poultry,



LEADING THE BRACKEN HARVEST.

so I experimented, and found it very easy; by slipping the knife under the bone it can be taken out without any flesh attached, and it makes it decidedly easier for the carver. I have often thought, when preparing a fowl: "Perhaps it will be thought this fowl had no wish-bone," as it does not alter the appearance in the least.—EDITH KINGHAM.

#### WILD CATS IN SCOTLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—These wild cats were caught recently not far from Drumnadrochit above Loch Less. These pictures represent the kittens, their parents having been caught in a steel trap. One of the cats recently caught accounted for twenty-three rabbits in one night, and on another occasion accounted for seventeen pheasants. It appears to be well-nigh impossible to tame these creatures, several fruitless attempts having been made. It is a curious fact that if a wild cat has been caught in a steel trap it more often than not succumbs to the shock.



ONE OF THE KITTENS.



HOLDING FAST TO ITS KEEPER'S WAISTCOAT.

It was no easy task taking one of the kittens out of its cage, for it showed its resentment by scratching its keeper's hand and drawing a considerable amount of blood, and it was with some difficulty that we persuaded it to release its hold of his waistcoat, on to which it held with its teeth.—A. W. RUTHVEN-STUART.

[Many so-called wild cats are merely tame cats which have escaped and become feral. The true wild cat is easily distinguished from the other by its more powerful build, its longer limbs and its short and bushy tail, which is blunt and not pointed at the tip. The tail is encircled by seven to nine bands of dark hair. The wild cat has been for many years extinct in England and also over the greater part of Scotland, where its chief strongholds now are in the deer forests of North-West Inverness, Western Ross-shire and the Reay Forest in Sutherland. Its lair is generally some old fox den in the most rocky and densely wooded mountains. The young, two to five in number, are usually born in May,

and they run with their parents until the autumn, when they are strong enough to hunt for themselves. Wild cats are exceedingly savage animals, and not even the young born in captivity become tame. The protection of this animal is due to the fact that it preys largely on hares, rabbits, grouse and other birds which are undesirable in a deer forest.—ED.]

#### WIREWORM AND BRACKEN MANURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing a query as to whether manure from bracken causes wireworm in gardens, I can only say that here, where the manure used was principally made from bracken, wireworm abounded. Perhaps someone who can speak with more authority can say whether bracken does bring the worm or if it is only coincidence.—ROC, County Clare.

#### THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the enquiry in COUNTRY LIFE of the 4th inst. as to how any reader had kept a larva of the above moth, I may say that last autumn I found a caterpillar of this species and put it into a box with a perforated lid. Within a day or two the caterpillar changed into a chrysalis. I then wrapped it loosely in cotton wool (quite dry). Early this summer the moth

emerged—a perfect specimen.—A. M. K.

[We are extremely obliged to our correspondent for his interesting note. He was very fortunate in his experiment. It certainly tends to modify the answer given to "P. F." in last week's issue, which was a statement of the writer's own experience.—ED.]

## SQUIRRELS AND TOADSTOOLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

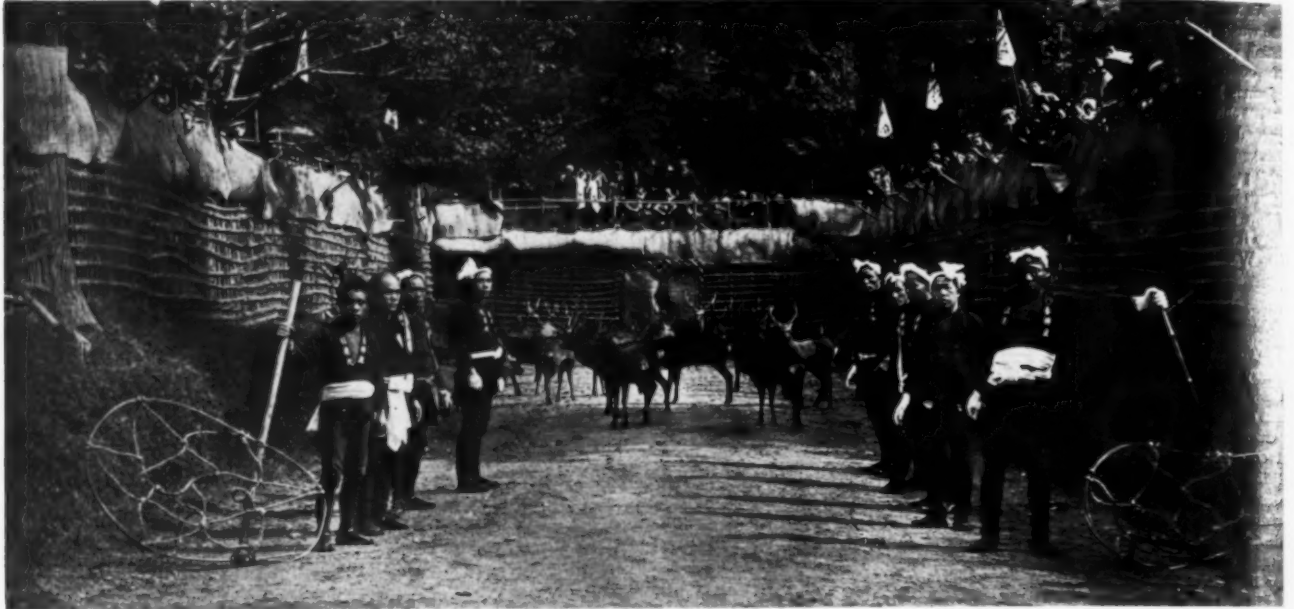
SIR,—Your correspondent "P. G. N." enquires if toadstools are an article of squirrels' diet. I have now had squirrels, wild and tame, under close observation for nearly three years, and can assure him that they are very fond of fungi. During spring and autumn especially, when there are no nuts and acorns and beechmast not yet ripened, they search for mushrooms and toadstools. The wild squirrels which haunt our garden much appreciate also cheese-gingerbread, brown bread and "Melox" biscuit.—ELEANOR TYRRELL.

## SACRED DEERS AND HARVEST OF THEIR HORNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The photographs show the sacred deers living in the Kasuga shrine compounds in the ancient city of Nara, that have been fed since several hundred

silence, and next moment the birds rise from the tree tops and unfurl like an extending fan all over it, their many wings in movement making an extraordinary rushing sound. They circle round and round a bit, and return to the same tree again or on to another near by. Previous to these rotations they had been hopping over the meadows where a small pond of water lies, hordes taking their evening tub together; having finished, others filled their places at the water's edge—the ground as lively with birds as the Ganges with religious enthusiasts! All the starlings for miles around must muster here; batches fly in from different directions to join those already assembled, and when they make their final flight up across the meadows to the downs, the black, mottled patch of flying birds is like a giant swarm of bees on the move. While we watched them go over the brow of the hill one evening, they made a strange movement. The black cloud swept out of sight for an instant, and then returned in view, this time forming a long train like a comet's tail,



THE SACRED DEER.

years ago. The Japanese call the animals the "messengers" of the Kasuga deity, and even now they pay high respect to the animals. In olden times the shogun gave the people such a strict order to protect the sacred animals that if anyone happened to hurt or kill them he should be put to death on the spot.

Indeed, it was the period of terror. Even at the present day the deers are so tame and abundant in the shrine grounds that they, in fine weather, stroll round far to the streets by twos or threes, and surround passers-by, asking for food, and sometimes holding their sleeves in mouth in an affectionate manner. They say Mr. and Mrs. Knox, American Envoys to the late Mikado's funeral, were greatly attracted by these lovely animals. Once a year some of the deers are caught by means of a net with a handle by several tamers (in service of the Kasuga Shrine Office) and taken to an enclosure, where their splendid horns are cut off with a saw, while a crowd of spectators on the second floor watch it with breathless interest (admission, 10 sen, equal to about 2½d.). This done, some of the sacred horns are, as a custom, awarded to the spectators by means of lottery, and consequently the second floor is always packed with spectators.—K. SAKAMOTO.

[A full account of this curious usage was given in our issue of March 5th, 1910.—ED.]

## THE EVENING FLIGHT OF STARLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A strange sight at this time of the year is the congregating of the starlings by many hundreds for flight at evening to some distant place where they probably roost. We have often listened to the "din" of all their "twitterings" together on the high elm tree tops near our house. As someone remarked, it was like the sound of heavy rainfall upon leaves. Then, suddenly, as if some signal for silence passed among them, every "twitter" drops to sudden and complete

instead of flying in circles. Soon a late straggler was seen hastening after the others as fast as he could fly—perhaps a bird left behind at his ablutions. One evening a big bird, apparently a hawk (as one has recently been seen here), swooped through the garden, and a starling was seen hopping about:

looking very queer, as if dazed; the hawk must have struck him with its wing. At one time our fowls used to roost in some big lime trees near our old home, and on cold evenings we used to hear them making disturbed cacklings, as if sleepily protesting at something. They were watched and the cause was discovered. Some cold starlings, after the fowls were asleep, crept under their feathers to be hovered and kept warm! and thus woke up their unwilling benefactors. — A. H. CARISBROOKE, Isle of Wight.

## MIST ON BEN NEVIS.

[TO THE EDITOR]

SIR,—The phenomenon of hilltops rising above a sea of white mist beneath a clear sky is by no means rare in the western Highlands and islands, although it may be unusual for a person to be so placed as to observe it. The extreme humidity

of the western seaboard, the warm air currents from the Gulf Stream Drift, the remarkable abruptness of the watershed and the cyclonic disturbances perpetually rolling in with the Atlantic, combine to create mist effects which are probably without parallel in the central Highlands, where the atmospheric conditions are totally different. Loch Linnhe being in direct connection through the Firth of Lorne with the open ocean, the mountain ranges flanking this superb "fiord" of salt water are peculiarly susceptible to the particular effect so graphically described by Mr. Seton Gordon in his interesting article of the 27th ult. It is quite a common occurrence to see the Morvern, Kilmairloch and Ardgour hills horizontally bisected by a white wall of sea fog, stratified as it were, above which the upper half of this statuesque range shines out bright and sharp, while the lower half is completely swathed in an impenetrable bank of mist. This mist stratum varies considerably in thickness.—ALLAN GORDON CAMERON.



THE HARVEST OF HORNS.



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